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Death of a Summit

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London's Gangsters

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V. S. Pritchett
Next of the Mohicans

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Claud Cockburn
Heading for the Mental

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Adrift in the Storm

So the wreckers on both sides have won. The fragile Summit vessel, constructed with such arduous skill by Mr Macmillan and Mr Krushchev, has been dashed to pieces by the complementary waves of intransigence in Washington and Moscow. There is, indeed, a fearful symmetry in the actions of the rival partisans of the Cold War. When the U-2 aircraft was first shot down, there was still a chance that Washington might extricate itself from its dilemma. Democratic opinion, as voiced by the Senate majority leader, Lyndon Johnson, was unanimous in condemning a grave blunder. Even Mr Nixon indicated that he hoped Eisenhower could disassociate himself from this military sabotage.

Then the Cold War forces moved in. Mr Herter was induced to state that the spy-flights were a matter of deliberate policy, and suggested that they would continue; and Eisenhower admitted he knew of their existence and did not even disclaim knowledge of this particular flight. Once these words had been spoken, the President inevitably became the personal object of Mr Krushchev's remonstrances. He was thus exposed to an ultimatum which he could not possibly accept, and which, once it was uttered, forced the US to close ranks in the most extreme Cold War posture. This was symbolised by the token alert of the US strategic forces on Monday.

In Russia the same logic has prevailed. In his fight to transform Cold War into co-existence, Mr Krushchev has steadily accumulated opponents: within the Praesidium and Central Committee, in China, and more recently within the armed forces, who are feeling the effect of his switch from armaments to consumer goods. So long as Krushchev's efforts were reflected in tangible diplomatic gains and lowered tension, his policy prevailed. But since Camp David – which marked the high water point of his success – criticism has been growing. The delay in holding the Summit, continued western refusal to discuss Berlin, the increasing feeling that Eisenhower was a lame duck, who could no longer control even the present, let alone dispose for the future – all these weakened Krushchev's ability to carry his colleagues and allies with him.

Krushchev's first reaction to the U-2 flight was that the Summit could be saved. He expected Eisenhower to follow normal usage and disclaim all knowledge of the flight. But when Herter and Eisenhower were driven to accept responsibility, Krushchev's position collapsed. He could no longer convince his colleagues that there was a distinction between the forces of peace – Eisenhower – and the textbook caricatures of Americans. Hitherto he had gone on his journeys with a virtual blank cheque. This time he travelled with a strict mandate – and with an appointed guardian.

What now? Mr Krushchev began his Summit diplomacy with a crisis over Berlin. Now that it has failed, he reverts to his starting point, and, in his abusive press conference on Wednesday, declared that he would sign a treaty with East Germany when it suited him. Clearly he must now talk violently, but he need not necessarily act violently or even abruptly. A whole series of graduated steps are open to him before he finally confers on the East Germans the right to inhibit western access to Berlin. Moreover, this time, Berlin itself can survive for a year without supplies. There may thus be a little time for the West to concert policy. Common sense dictates a solution which would retain freedom for the Berliners and at the same time accord Krushchev the gains the West cannot in any case withhold. A new statute, guaranteed by a UN 'presence', plus token numbers of western troops, might meet this bill. But in the present atmosphere, what chance has common sense of prevailing? For Krushchev must know that, in yielding to the demands of his extremists, he is forcing the western leaders to do the same. The victors of this week's tragedy are the generals – and Dr Adenauer. And now Krushchev is hastening to a further crisis in which they, the wreckers, are likely to be the arbiters.

Comments on the Week's News

What happened in Blantyre?

Mr Justice Southworth's report on the events of 26 January in Blantyre is an extraordinary document. It seems there was no riot. The British journalists who criticised the behaviour of the police are themselves severely criticised. Mr Bishop of *The Times* is rightly praised. At the time he wrote: 'Apart from trying to push the police backwards the demonstrators' main tactics were knocking off policemen's caps and screaming "Give us Banda" in their faces, for which many of them were rapped hard with canes. One or two Africans, including a woman who had been shouting "Give us back our Messiah", were knocked down, but no one was seriously hurt'. The Beaverbrook reporters, Miss Sharpley and Mr MacColl, also receive the Southworth accolade. Yet, at the time, Mr MacColl wrote: 'A very ugly little riot was touched off – largely owing to the stupidity of the Nyasaland white police officers'. Mr Bonnet of the *Daily Mail* again is 'entirely honest' if 'emotional'. He wrote: 'I watched a sickening spectacle today: a riot provoked by senior British police officers'. How can these appraisals be reconciled with the exoneration of the police? These two journalists, both highly commended, thought there was a riot. Furthermore, Mr Jacobson of the *Daily Mirror* receives a Southworth prize. But Mr Jacobson made what the judge himself says was a very reasonable suggestion: that the demonstrators should have been allowed to march up and down. Then there might have been no need for the police to hit anyone. Mr Limb, described by the judge as 'the ideal example of a parade-ground sergeant-major', attracted most censure from the condemned journalists. He seems indeed to have administered blows not to the naked belly, but the 'gentleman's hips': 'blows on the shoulder, some of which may have fallen, possibly as a result of a sudden movement of the recipient, on the head'; and 'kicked a demonstrator on the shin'. Mr Justice Southworth, after saying, 'I cannot bring myself to say that anything Mr Limb is alleged to have done was excessive', adds the curious remark that it was 'Mr Limb's misfortune to have been judged not by the measure of his own conduct but by the measure of his brother officers' forbearance.' His observations about the behaviour and demeanour of British journalists will, no doubt, cause a great deal of amusement and delight among settlers the world over. Nevertheless the suspicion will remain that much of the confusion may spring from different attitudes of mind about Africans and about the correct behaviour of police towards demonstrators.

Kenya without Kenyatta

A serious crisis faces Kenya. The Lancaster House Conference at the beginning of the year seemed to have paved the way for a smooth and steady evolution to majority African Government. It has since become clear, however, that to ignore the deep wounds suffered since the Mau Mau outbreak of 1952, is not to remove them. Issues of the past have again entered the political scene, largely because of the competition for leadership amongst the new African politicians. Various African and semi-African parties have been formed, but no single organisation, nor particular leader, has yet been able to speak in the name of the African masses. The latest attempt at organising joint action, the formation of the Kenya African National Union, shows by the personnel of its officers how great the difficulties are. Mr Tom Mboya has been appointed as General Secretary; his deputy is Mr Arthur Ochwada who has been bitterly fighting him in the trade union field. The prospect of facing the first elections under the new constitution in this divided state, and, indeed, of conducting the negotiations for the approval of this constitution without recognised leaders, has given a new urgency to the demand for Jomo Kenyatta to return as leader. Yet such has been the build-up of Kenyatta's martyrdom, and so many Africans have reason to fear that his release would be the signal for a night of long knives amongst their ex-enemy neighbours, that the Government has a good, as well as more dubious, reason for fearing a new outbreak of violence if Kenyatta returns to politics. To avoid a crisis the demand of the leaders for an interview with Kenyatta within the month is a compromise which the Governor might well be wise to accept.

Violence in Northern Rhodesia

The new wave of violence in Northern Rhodesia once more illustrates two of the vital factors influencing the development of this protectorate. The frustration which leads to violence has accumulated over long years of endemic racial discrimination, imposed largely at the dictate of the powerful European mining community. That it has not been more successfully combated by the Africans is due in great part to the absence of strong leadership. The imposition of Federation and, later, of the undemocratic, white-biased, territorial constitution, has inevitably led the Africans to believe that the same settlers who have imposed white domination on them are now being given increasing political control. Since many of the white miners are Afrikaners from the Union, the dangerous precedent of South African experience is continually before them. At the same time, some members, both of the Congress and of the younger United National Independent Party, previously within the African Mine Workers' Trade Union, have taken the law into their own hands and adopted a policy which can only lead to violent racial conflict. But this violence has never been condoned by Harry Nkumbula of Congress, or by Kenneth Kaunda of UNIP; both have spoken out strongly against it during the last few days. Unhappily they have not been able to control some of their local lieutenants. This contrasts with the discipline of neighbouring Nyasaland. Only early constitutional reform, giving the African a much greater influence in legislature and executive, can bring any hope of strengthening the moderate, non-violent leadership. With the example of both violence and approaching independence across the frontier in the Belgian Congo, time is getting very short to prevent a really ugly racial situation in Northern Rhodesia.

University debates

As plans for colleges at Brighton, Norwich and York develop, what promises to be a keen and important debate is beginning about the future of the universities. How large are the new ones to be? Or shouldn't resources be concentrated on expanding existing institutions? The arguments against small colleges is that they offer a smaller financial return on overhead costs and that academic freedom may be restricted when each subject is under the control of one all-powerful professor. In the University of Wales another controversy, which for years has been smouldering under the surface, has now come into the open. Should the university be broken up and the constituent colleges of Aberystwyth, Bangor, Cardiff and Swansea be raised to university status? This scheme has obvious advantages. The self-esteem of the staff and some local worthies will be increased and so, when the colleges' expansion programmes are completed, will administrative convenience. Poor road and rail services in any case make contact between the colleges difficult. Against these practical arguments, however, are matched important though imponderable considerations. A university, it is felt, is a mystical notion, bound-up with the identity of Wales as a nation. And wasn't the university founded on the pennies of the workers? The reformers are in some cases Englishmen – some of themselves professors – who can be represented, even if not always fairly – as indifferent, when not hostile to, Welsh traditions. In the controversy three things are important. The first is that the quality of the teaching is unlikely to be affected either way. Another is that the debate offers full play to the wide range of rhetorical techniques and refinements of political in-fighting the Welsh can command. Thirdly, if the university is preserved it will be a notable victory for the Welsh Establishment.

Rotten Tomatoes

It is astonishing that the Labour Party – which claims to have a special concern for the consumer – should have allowed the government to get away with its decision to increase the tariff on imported tomatoes to 6d per lb. Even the NFU was not expecting this concession, which runs counter to the policy laid down by the Ministry last year. In fact the government has put up another barrier against Continental growers at the very moment it is trying to find a trading rapprochement with Europe. The country at which the tariff is aimed is Holland, whose competition, the growers claim, is unfair. In fact, Dutch costs of production work out at about 1d. per lb lower than in the best British hothouses. The main difference arises over marketing, where effective co-operative arrangements bring Dutch costs down by about 2d per lb below their unorganised British counterparts. The Dutch grower thus has an overall price advantage of about 3d per lb, which was already covered by the 4d tariff. The real answer to the 'unfair' competition is to extend co-operative marketing arrangements here, particularly among the 5,000 growers (five-sixths of the total) who have only half an acre or less under glass. This, as the Minister of Agriculture has pointed out, is the whole purpose of the £8 million scheme of grants to horticulture which the government has introduced. Last year, the 4d tariff raised £1 million in duty which, with its cumulative effect on tomato prices as a whole, probably cost the consumer £9 million. Now another 2d has been added – a windfall which will probably discourage, and not stimulate, better marketing.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Reactions in the US

In the immediate wake of Krushchev's explosion in Paris reactions here have not yet frozen into an attitude firm enough for generalisation. The screaming eight-column headlines in the press – 'Camp David's Dream Turns to Nightmare', was the *New York World-Telegram's* – were unlikely to dampen down natural anxieties, but if any single effect stood out, it was a shift in the target of public criticism. For a week the administration had been the object of more unfavourable comment than had come its way since it first took office. For the moment, at least, that criticism has been displaced by indignation over Krushchev's wild behaviour.

Professionally right-wing newspapers, which opposed the Summit meeting in the first place, are of course having a field day. The *Daily News* weirdly captions its editorial 'Round one – 'Looks as If We Win', the burden being that Ike 'didn't bow to Krushchev and he did expose Krushchev as the bully and braggart that he is. Hearst's *Mirror* wants all passports immediately made invalid for travel in Russia on the theory that obviously now only the 'evil at heart' will want to go there.

In more sober quarters of the New York press Krushchev is held responsible for the crisis, but there is at least some attempt to examine his motivations. Considerable space is given to the belief that, foreseeing no breach in the Western front concerning Berlin, he was determined to break up the conference rather than return to Moscow empty-handed. After promoting Summit diplomacy for two years he could face his critics at home only by assuming a posture more bellicose than their own. Thus the Republican *Herald-Tribune*, amongst others, suggests that he 'may have been pressured into intransigence by extremists within his own government' and the *New York Times* speaks of 'furies . . . riding him'.

Inevitably the atmosphere of crisis has evoked the usual talk of unity and discouraged partisan attacks on the administration. But there is no doubt that the Republicans have been badly hurt: if and when the storm blows over, the President and his top advisers are certain to be subjected to a raking fire for having handed Krushchev the tomahawk with which he scalped them.

Lyndon Johnson, the Democrats' senate leader, led off in his best style of bipartisan banality: 'One mistake we cannot afford to make right now is to weaken the free world by division within our own ranks.' But few Republicans were taken in by this sort of soft approach. 'The Democrats are trying to put on a united front now,' said one, 'but they're going to hit us later, charging that "it all adds up to a great deal of bungling." Krushchev has mousetrapped us.' Almost immediately Democrats rose to bear him out. For the anti-Summit contingent, Senator Dodd of Connecticut hoped that we would draw a lesson from the affair and never again act 'like country bumpkins going to a country meeting.' The far more influential Senator Mansfield of Montana, a power on the Foreign Relations Committee, warned of investigations to come: 'at the proper time', he announced, Congress would 'trace the chain of command or lack of it which set in motion the U-2 flight, this flight which has undercut the deep rooted desire of the people and policies of the US for peace.' And the Senator went on to denounce the series of blunders that culminated in Secretary Herter's and Vice-President Nixon's defence of such flights three days after the President had quietly ordered them stopped.

Among professional political commentators even an imminent return of the ice age would be studied first for its impact on the campaign and the Paris fiasco is no exception to the rule. The observation most freely made is that Democratic interest can be expected to shift from the relatively unseasoned Kennedy to a veteran statesman like Stevenson or an experienced negotiator like Johnson. It is perhaps no coincidence that Stevenson's comments on the government's 'mishandling' of the U-2 incident are among the sharpest so far uttered by possible Democratic candidates. As for the Republicans, an anonymous mid-Westerner expressed the prevailing fear: 'The Democrats have been looking around for issues and I think they've got one now. I think we're in a helluva shape.' So short a jump is it from the Summit to the ditch.

ROBERT BENDINER

Fleet Street

How the Press Reacted

If only the admirable traditions of all those spy stories we used to read still prevailed in the space age and Mr Eisenhower had not felt it necessary to remember that George Washington was once President too, how much better off we should all be. And if only Mr Krushchev were a real dictator (like Stalin) and did not have to keep looking over his shoulder at all the people back home who are waiting for a chance to prove him wrong and cut him down to size, how much nicer Paris in the spring would be! These two observations sum up in a wry sort of way a good deal of British press comment on the Summit crisis.

If on Tuesday morning all newspapers, except of course the *Daily Worker*, were agreed that Mr Krushchev was mainly responsible for the agonisingly sudden collapse of Summit hopes, few of them were inclined to pretend that Mr Eisenhower, with the eager assistance of Mr Herter, had not done practically everything within human capacity to make a bad case worse. 'In refusing to lie he (Eisenhower) forced Mr Krushchev to bring the issue to a head', commented the *Telegraph* scathingly. 'Only the virtuous can afford to be honest. The Americans in this matter were not virtuous and their attempt to be honest has put them not only in the wrong but humiliatingly so'. 'No one', said the *Mail*, 'can defend the American handling of this affair. It has been unwise and disingenuous and has given Krushchev a triumph he did not deserve'. Only the leader writer of the *News Chronicle*, a plain, simple fellow no doubt, found it possible to give the American President a manly pat on the back for 'acting throughout with dignified restraint'.

All this being said, the whole of the press with the inevitable exception of the *Worker*, was unanimous that Krushchev was the most guilty party. 'Mr K!' shouted the *Mirror* all over the front page '(If you will pardon an olde English phrase) DON'T BE SO BLOODY RUDE! P.S. Who do you think you are? STALIN?' 'If the Summit blows up,' said the *Telegraph* 'the blame has been transferred from Mr Eisenhower's shoulders to those of Mr Krushchev'. 'It is impossible for Krushchev to say now that he is being threatened by aggressive Americans', declared the *Herald*. 'And it will be monstrous if this leader of a great country can still think of throwing the world's hopes in the ash can'. 'In the course of one crowded day', declared the *Express*, 'Mr Krushchev dealt the world's hopes a savage blow'. 'If it does fail', said the *Mail*, 'it will be because Mr Krushchev wants it too'. And the *Guardian* headed its leading article 'The Wrecker', and declared: 'Mr Krushchev has done his best to torpedo the Summit'.

'Why did he do it?' asked *The Times*. While admitting that 'Of course the U2 incident stirred the Russians to genuine and profound anger', it found the most forcible answer, as did many others, in Mr Krushchev's own personal position and the 'strong pressure from critics inside Russia and – still more – in other Communist countries. They would argue that all the junketings and journeys of co-existence had led nowhere . . . by now the 'outs' in Russia are numerous and prominent. Hitherto they have lacked a common platform. If Mr Krushchev seemed in any way backward in defending Russia's claims, the common platform would be there'. 'It is behind the Iron Curtain that the clues must be sought', agreed the *News Chronicle*. 'A combination of Communist bigots, who believe that co-existence with democracy is impossible, of personal enemies and disappointed generals . . . have the aid of the Chinese who dismiss co-existence as weakness'.

In this the *News Chronicle* found hope: 'The breakdown has been caused not by a genuine worsening of the international situation, but by Mr Krushchev's domestic troubles'. The *Mail* on the other hand found this 'the worrying thing. Is it his policy or that of the Stalinist diehards in the Presidium?' For the *Guardian* there were two possible explanations of Mr Krushchev's conduct. The first was that suggested by the others, that 'he has lost some internal struggle in the Kremlin and been captured by the neo-Stalinists'. The other was that 'he has calculated that the West is so weak and divided that he can screw more out of it by bullying than he could by genuine negotiation'.

By Wednesday the gloom – and the conviction that Mr Krushchev had come to Paris determined from the start to wreck the Conference – was even more complete. 'Mr Krushchev', said the *Guardian*, 'has turned the clock back seven years' (the *Herald* put it at ten). Whatever his motives, it declared, 'the outlook is dismal', and it found the possibility that he had been compelled to act as he had because of a shift of power within Russia even more alarming than if he acted as he did because he wanted to. The *Telegraph* headed its leader 'Back to Stalinism'; the *News Chronicle* warned its readers that 'Mr Krushchev' has made it plain to the most hopeful optimist that the offensive against the non-Communist world will be pushed to the brink'. For what he has done, said the *Mirror* across the whole of its front and back page, 'The World will never forgive him'. But there was agreement, also, that although the outlook was dark the West must continue to seek the possibility of negotiation. 'The West must be prepared to stand firm: that does not mean it should become inflexible', said the *Guardian*. And *The Times* expressed firmly the general view: 'The only remedy is to restate the will to negotiate seriously whenever the opportunity is seriously offered'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

Local Elections

In 1957 the Rent Act helped Labour to hold many of the big local authority gains it had made in 1954; and so, in last week's elections, it was defending seats which it might have expected to lose three years before. The losses it has now suffered, though heavy, do not strip it of all its 1954 gains. Yet the results are disturbing. The Tories have now been in power nationally for nine years and national politics affect local, almost as much as they affect general, elections. The one local issue which provoked discussion was increased rates and these were mainly due to national government policy of high interest rates and the change to the block grant. Yet Labour went down by rather more than a defending side would expect.

There were, of course, special local difficulties, such as the Popkess affair in Nottingham; but elsewhere Labour lost because their nominal supporters did not bother to vote and this could well be a reflection of the party's continued inability nationally to make any impression, other than fractiousness, on the minds of the electorate. Until this is corrected there is no more likelihood of Labour winning local elections than there is of its winning a general election.

One feature of the recent elections, however, will be disturbing to losers and winners alike. The average poll seems to have been around 30 per cent – in Leeds it was only 13 per cent. This is low both absolutely and relatively, for in recent elections the average has been nearer forty per cent. Some of this apathy, no doubt, is due to the fact that, despite increased rates, most people are going along fairly comfortably. Some of it, on the other hand, may be due to boredom and bewilderment with the frequency and multiplicity of elections. There are elections for Parliament, for the county councils, for the borough councils, for the urban district councils, for the rural district councils, for the parish councils. This round of elections has been an increasingly depressing burden on the small groups of active workers who have no sooner cleared their front rooms of literature for one election than they have to clutter it up again with literature for another, and whose corns have no time to recover from the last round of canvassing before they are aching again from the next. Now, perhaps, the tiredness is afflicting the voters as well as the workers. *But we voted only last month . . . Yes, but that was the County Council. This is the UDC . . . Oh heck, I thought UDC was a Yank spy plane* . . . At this rate local government, which is having increasing difficulty in finding men and women with the time to spare for unpaid service, may soon have difficulty in finding anyone to vote for those who *are* willing to serve.

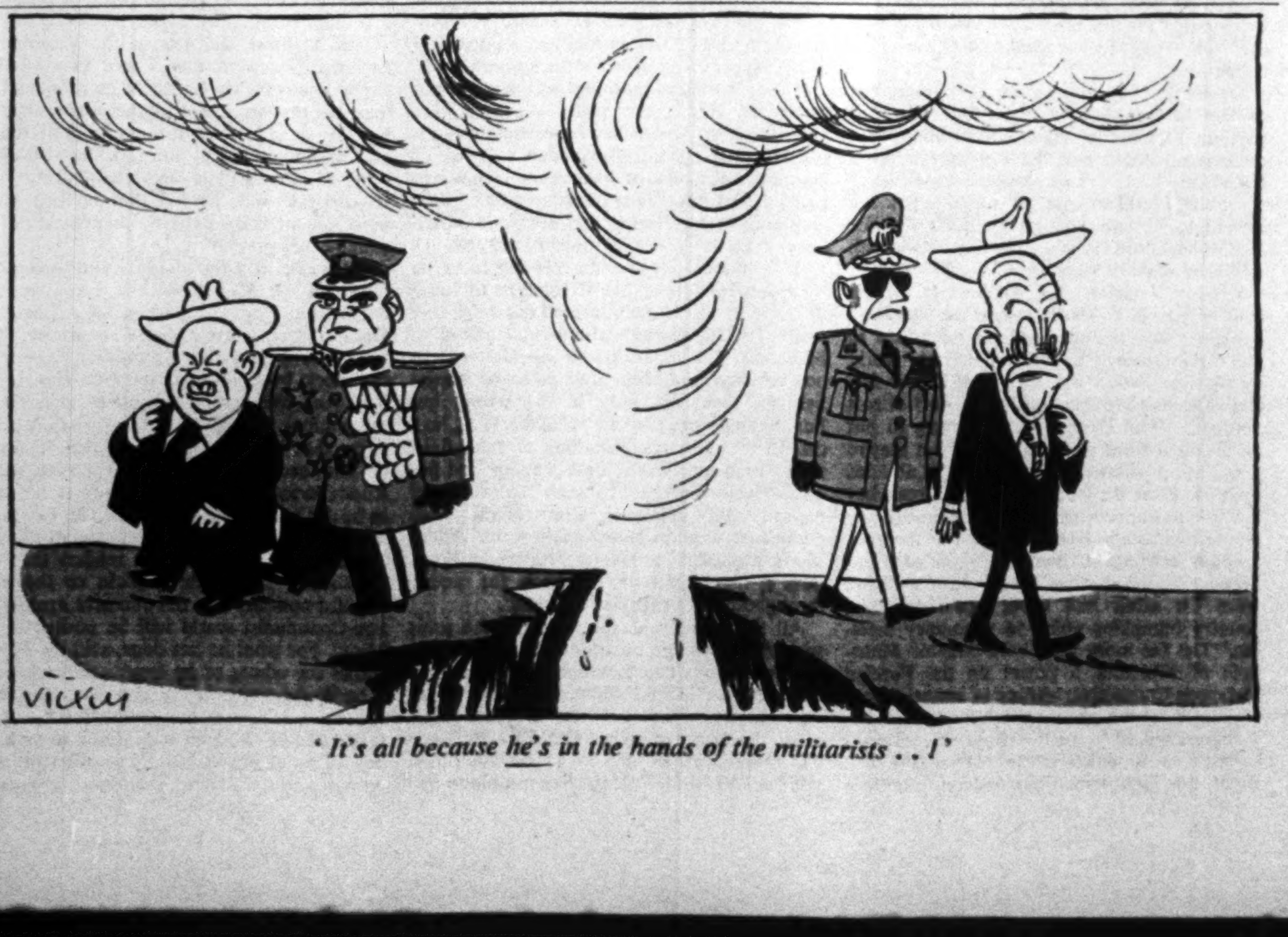
It would help a little if local elections throughout the country could be held on the same day. At present electors become confused – *Is this my day for the vote or is it next week?* – even when they realise that there is to be a vote at all. Publicity concentrated on a single day might diminish confusion and stimulate energy. But a more effective step would surely be to adopt the London practice under which a complete council retires and seeks re-election after three years in place of the present provincial practice under which a third of the council retires and seeks re-election every year. One argument against this is that a sudden shift in electoral opinion could place the ratepayers at the mercy of a council which was inexperienced. This in fact has happened in London. In 1934, for example, the Fulham Labour party went into the election with no councillors and came out with 28 out of a total of 42. How little the Fulham ratepayers found this a disadvantage can be seen from the fact that, through all subsequent swings, Labour has retained the majority it then won. Anyway there is no reason why we should reject locally what we accept nationally; and the refreshment to local government which could come if workers and voters were allowed to lie fallow for a time would be clear gain. As things are going, local elections may soon become little more than a farce.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Death of a Summit

'As everyone knows, I love Paris.' These words of Mr Krushchev two days before his departure for the Summit Conference expressed the feelings of all the Soviet diplomats and journalists who had been chosen to accompany him. All were delighted at the idea of a week or so in Paris; no more than their colleagues in the capitalist press (or the Communist press in West Europe) did they expect a furious outburst from their premier and the rapid breakdown of the conference. Indeed, the travelling Soviet press corps, which in the course of Krushchev's massive journeys is slowly becoming an integral part of the international press caravan, lived these last few days of suspense with the same intensity and anxiety as we did. Like us, they hoped, even up to the last moment, that things would work out. But, as they studied the Moscow press, they could not disguise the fact that the atmosphere in Russia had changed radically since 11 May, the day on which President Eisenhower, at his press conference, sought to justify the flights of US reconnaissance planes over Soviet territory.

Even as late as Sunday, however, while Krushchev, accompanied by a silent Marshal



'It's all because he's in the hands of the militarists . . !'

Malinovsky, visited in turn Mr Macmillan and General de Gaulle, and read them his philippic against the United States, the Soviet journalists were still inclined to explain the savage outbursts in their own papers as evidence of subtle political strategy. 'What do you expect?' they said. 'We have to make it clear to the Americans that we want peaceful co-existence – but not at any price. We cannot allow Eisenhower to get away with a theory which gives him the right to violate our air space'. Listening to them, however, I got the impression that the Russians merely wanted a formal concession and a simple declaration of principle promising the cessation of spy-flights. The only doubtful point was whether Eisenhower would find himself able to retreat from his 11 May position without losing too much face.

Then, on Monday, the press conference held by the Soviet spokesman, Mr Kharalamov, made it plain to everyone that Krushchev had not come to Paris for a Summit Conference, but merely to signify to the world his break with the US. He knew that his ultimatum to Eisenhower could not be accepted, either in form or content. This abrupt change of front, prepared in secret, surprised us all, and it took us some time to recover from the shock and set about finding an explanation. The simplest theory is also perhaps the most convincing. The Soviet leader has lost hope in Eisenhower and believes that any negotiation with him is useless. When he returned from Camp David last September, Krushchev was already saying that alongside Eisenhower, who wanted peace, there was a powerful clique of militarists who did not accept the end of the Cold War. As the months went by, Krushchev and his colleagues estimated that the balance of power was swinging against their 'allies' in the US. Eisenhower, they reckoned, was showing himself incapable of keeping the promises he made at Camp David. At the insistence of General de Gaulle, the Summit was postponed for several months, and when Krushchev saw de Gaulle at Rambouillet it was made plain to him that the West would not embark on serious negotiations over Berlin. In addition, he was informed that Eisenhower's signature on a test-ban treaty would not bind his successor. Naturally, Krushchev slowly became convinced that at Camp David he had placed too much weight on the influence of his host.

All this explains Krushchev's disenchantment with Eisenhower and his wish to adjourn the Summit until after the Presidential elections. But why did he accompany this with savage outbursts which threaten to snap all the links between East and West and render any future encounter vastly more difficult? Here, Krushchev's own character must be considered. This man is notorious for his rages, and for his tendency to allow himself to be carried further than his tactics demand. Was he not the author of the famous 'secret' report on Stalin, which set up a chain-reaction he almost failed to control?

It was on these lines that we argued among ourselves on Monday evening, in the course of a cruise on the River Seine organised by the Minister of Information, M. Terrenoire The boat was the one used by Queen Elizabeth during her state visit, and the Minister certainly put himself out to make the press comfortable. He had hired a number of charming hostesses who encouraged the journalists to drink and to be in good spirits. But neither their efforts nor the beauty of the Ile St Louis succeeded in cheering us. The cruise in fact was speeded up so that we could dash back to the Press House in the Palais de Chaillot in the hope that a new *coup de théâtre* might bring the conference back to life again. There were plenty of rumours: late night visits by Mr Macmillan to Krushchev; exchanges of letters between Krushchev and de Gaulle; a new press conference by the imperturbable Mr Kharamanlov . . .

On Tuesday, throughout the morning, the spate of rumours continued. The press briefing room used by the Soviet delegation was packed with journalists who had heard that Krushchev himself would come to talk to them. The TV and movie cameras were in place; the arc-lights burned. But nothing happened, and even the most optimistic among us began to admit that the conference was dead. There was not going to be a miracle. Paradoxically, this last day, though painful, was without rancour. The Americans made no attempt to argue with their Soviet colleagues and to explain that they'd known all along that the Russians weren't sincere. Nor did the Russians seek to rub in their 'moral victory'. Exhaustion, and anguish too, took its toll in both camps.

Is this, then, the end of the exchanges and contacts between the East and West – exchanges often of deaf men, but which nevertheless held promise of a better understanding in the future? An American friend showed me and a diplomat from the Soviet embassy his Intourist documents: 'All my papers were ready for me to go to Moscow with Ike', he said. 'I was very happy'. 'Maybe you will go all the same', said the Russian, gravely. 'Unfortunately not', was the reply. 'I'm now off to Berlin, to see what new surprise Mr Krushchev has in store for us'.

Indeed, the 3,000 journalists, who scarcely had time to settle into Paris, were already packing their bags on Tuesday evening and booking plane reservations for Berlin. Berlin, Krushchev's next stop, has been chosen as the place for the second big outburst. Whether we like it or not, the evidence makes it plain that what Krushchev has been unable or unwilling to obtain by negotiation he will now attempt to get by direct action. In the view of some, his present tough line springs not only from his disappointment in Eisenhower, but also from his belief that in Berlin he has an unbeatable card to play. He is convinced that the Americans will not risk a war for the city, and that in giving way they will suffer a disastrous loss of face in front of their allies.

Whether or not this view is sound, there can be no doubt that these last disastrous days in Paris will go down in history as the beginning of a new war of nerves. The journalists here who watched the dress rehearsal of this new drama can testify that it is far from amusing.

K. S. KAROL

Last Chance in Europe

THERE is still a chance for Britain to come to terms with Europe. But it is a slender one. True, the recent statement by the foreign ministers of the Six was conciliatory: it provides for a slight delay in the plans to cut internal tariffs and establish a common external tariff for the Six, and thus makes further negotiations with the 'Outer Seven' possible. This move was greeted with some relief in London, and Mr Maudling has pledged himself to negotiate in a spirit of compromise. But the decisions of the Six's economic ministers at the Ministerial Council gave a new shock to the Board of Trade. Internal tariffs between the Six are to be lowered by 10 per cent in July and another 10 per cent next January. A further 10 per cent – and possibly 20 per cent – cut will be made in January 1962. This would halve present internal tariffs, a decided acceleration even by comparison with the 'extremist' Hallstein Plan. At the same time, the Six's external tariff will be brought one-third nearer to the eventual common tariff level. To avoid raising German and Benelux tariffs, the common external tariff will be cut by 20 per cent; but this cut will benefit all members of GATT – all non-Soviet countries, including the US – but at the price of counter-concessions.

Hence we must recognise that Britain's hopes of establishing a Free Trade Area of thirteen countries have finally failed, and that the speed-up in forming the Common Market is now a fact. Unless we are willing to enter it, we will be faced with a solidly hostile Continental bloc. Unfortunately, our entry has been made vastly more difficult by our last-minute attempt to create the Outer Seven. For three of its members – Sweden, Switzerland and Austria – are prevented by their policy of political neutrality from joining the Six. Hence Britain, who hoped to use the Seven as an instrument of blackmail, now finds itself saddled with an albatross: we cannot negotiate a compromise which would allow us to enter the Six without breaking our word to our new allies.

But equally, it's difficult to imagine any compromise which does not involve British entry. The French regard the Six as essentially a political grouping, leading to close co-ordination of its members' political and economic policies. Both in the final draft of the Rome treaties, and in the Common Market Secretariat and related organs, their concept has prevailed. At present, these bodies have only limited powers, but if Dr Adenauer continues to overrule Dr Erhard and West German industry, they will be steadily increased. Thus we must expect to see the gradual emergence of a federal structure, capable of concerted planning.

The opposition of the German industrialists – which London hoped would prevail – is understandable. Unlike the French, they do not fear free competition. Their desire for a protected market, from which to organise aggressive expansion outside, is therefore less acute. What they do fear is the retaliatory action by the Seven which a tariff wall would provoke. But the balance within the Six is changing. Both the Italians and the French, each with a large nationalised sector and long-term development plans, have expanded even more quickly than the Germans in the last seven years, and in less favourable circumstances. Moreover, their economic growth has been largely achieved by increasing productivity, while Germany has relied more on a bigger labour force, swollen by refugees from the East. Given the determination of Dr Adenauer, for political reasons, to stick by France, it was always likely that France would carry the day and veto any British attempt to weaken the Common Market. This has now happened.

Unless, therefore, the British are willing to shed three of the Outer Seven, the best we can hope for is a cut in the external tariff of the Six, which will reduce the protection against British exports. This cut, moreover, will benefit all countries and not merely the Outer Seven – hence it has US support. What will this mean in practice? The immediate effects of speeding up the commercial unification of the Six are in themselves of little importance. Only our Belgian and Dutch markets are seriously menaced, because there British exporters will encounter German competitors operating from within the tariff wall. Our German markets should not be affected except insofar as the Germans are obliged to raise their tariffs to conform with the common level of the Six. The new French and Italian competition in Germany should not damage British exports, which already face heavy German competition. The real issue which will decide British participation, in fact, is not commercial. It is whether Britain can afford to stay out of a combination which has already proved remarkably dynamic, and which might, if we joined, inject new energy into our lethargic economy. Should we refuse, Britain risks becoming an economic backwater and eventually losing such political influence as it still retains.

This loss of influence might be disastrous for the world as well as ourselves. Instability in the French political system, and the danger of growing German nationalism fed by the division of Germany, threatens the Cold War balance in Europe. The Common Market must perpetuate the division of Germany, unless both halves are disarmed and neutralised. For an armed West Germany in the Common Market will always form part of an anti-Soviet alliance, and the Russians could not conceivably consent to reunification under these conditions. On the other hand, the continued division of Germany against a background of growing Soviet power in East Europe is itself a threat to stability; by joining a West European economic and political union, Britain could help to retain the balance and exercise restraint.

In the past, Britain has refused to join Europe in order to maintain what we call our 'special relationship' with the US. This is now irrelevant. The Americans can no longer disregard the rapidly increasing preponderance – military and economic – of the Six over Britain. The recent collapse of Britain's 'independent deterrent' neatly underlines the point. The Commonwealth complex, our other excuse for rejecting Europe, is even less convincing. The British government itself demolished such economic cohesion as still existed in the Commonwealth after the war. In the doctrinaire pursuit of economic 'freedom', it has gradually dismantled the Sterling Area, without even asking for reciprocal concessions by America and Europe. Moreover, it is now plain that most Commonwealth countries would favour some arrangement with the Six, if this is feasible.

A satisfactory compromise, however, will not be easy. Britain can only afford to enter the Six, and face the full fury of German competition, if she adopts the French concept of long-term planning, a concept which the present government rejects (or at any rate professes to reject; it is now adopting interventionist policies both in the location of industry and on the control of demand). Only in this way can French fears, which may lead them to veto British entry, be removed, and the future of British industry safeguarded.

A double tier preferential system, linking the Six to the Commonwealth, could have been negotiated in 1956-7; now it may be too late. But Britain could still arrange preferential (or free) tariff quotas for the Commonwealth in Europe. In any case, the only safeguard for countries outside would be the knowledge that France, with full British support, will ensure that domestic expansion in West Europe is fast enough to offset any cuts in imports due to the effects of the common tariff. This again runs contrary to the whole economic philosophy of the British government.

From every point of view, therefore, our bargaining position is weak. But if the government's handling of the affair has been lamentable, the record of the Labour Party – as in the defence field – is still more vulnerable. It was Ernest Bevin who inaugurated the policy of scorning Europe. In those years of absolute British predominance on the Continent, Bevin did nothing to consolidate our influence. On the contrary, Britain sedulously prevented any attempt to use OEEC for effective planning. When the Americans demanded that long-term investment plans be drawn up, the Labour government dragged its feet, made only perfunctory proposals, and then successfully sabotaged the efforts made by others. Since 1951, Labour has endorsed government policy at each stage of the negotiations. Its leaders never committed themselves to an attack on the Common Market before it took shape, and when its establishment could still have been prevented. Nor did they specify the conditions under which they would have been prepared to enter it. So far, they have been unable either to criticise the government or to suggest a constructive alternative. Unless they now make up their minds, they will certainly share the blame for the débâcle of British trade policy, which now seems only too likely.

THOMAS BALOGH

London's New Gangsters

THERE are accidents of timing that make life difficult for people like law reformers, government spokesmen, sociologists and Mr Eisenhower. One of these, giving concurrent prominence to the Royal Commission on Police and the Pen Club murder, has lately inspired two loud public voices, one proclaiming that the police are numerically incapable of dealing with the crime problem, and the other that 'the law' is strong enough to protect threatened witnesses (and 'protection racket' victims) from criminal violence. The former may well be true, though there are more police in England and Wales than there were before the war, and even the proportion of police to population is higher; the latter would still be untrue if police strength were doubled.

There has always been some danger in giving evidence for the prosecution in any kind of case that involves a criminal group – thefts of goods in transit, large-scale car-stealing, 'long firm' frauds, race-gang violence, and the cases of 'demanding money with menaces' that comprise the 'protection racket'. I wish I could count the number of times I have heard a judge say to a frightened man in the witness-box: 'You need have absolutely no fear about what you have to tell the Court; the law of this country is strong enough to protect you against anyone who may have threatened you; and I desire to make it quite clear that any person molesting you will be brought before this court and severely punished'. It is of course a little nearer the truth here than in, say, Sicily or Corsica, but in those places, presumably, no judge would say it. I do know of one instance in which a pronouncement of this sort by the late Mr Justice Charles did, almost beyond doubt, dissuade a group of street traders from beating up a youth who had enabled the police to relieve them of a large number of stolen bicycles. But no one ever knew for certain whether he got his beating up when those who got prison sentences came out.

An MP who wanted to throw an unfamiliar light on this aspect of life in London should one day ask the Minister of Health how many cases of unexplained personal injury had been treated in hospital casualty wards in the previous twelve months. Every casualty officer is familiar with them: the broken limbs, the slashed or battered faces, sometimes the multiple injuries, of which the patient (who discharges himself as soon as he can stand up) gives a quite implausible explanation to the hospital and to the police. The total would not be astronomical – less than a thousand perhaps – but the press would be in an uproar and we should present ourselves to the world as a nation-wide heap of homicidal maniacs.

With which implicit plea for moderation and perspective, one is equipped to consider the reported growth of the 'protection racket', a commercial method which translates the economic ruthlessness of respectable finance into terms of physical violence as a means of keeping upstart competitors off the grass. It thrives where the business to be 'protected' is unlawful and the proprietor cannot therefore go to the police; and if the business is also unsavoury, it is money for old rope. When Mr R. T. Paget, in the third reading debate on the Betting and Gaming Bill last week, described that Bill as unenforceable and likely to bring the law into contempt, he may have been speaking rhetorically; but he was right, a year ago, about the Street Offences Act, and also about betting and gaming. He said:

> all we are doing is to raise the level of corruption, just as by sending the girls off the streets we have created the sort of situation which has led to the Pen Club case, by linking crime and strong-arm methods to the promotion of prostitution. We shall have more lawlessness, more crime and more money invested in this sort of activity. (*Hansard*, 11 May, Col. 479.)

By 'this sort of activity' he meant the building up of bookmakers as powerful members of society and the 'unproductive occupation of taking money for nothing from people who gamble'. A good many people believed, like Mr Paget, that the Street Offences Act would nourish the business of living on prostitution, which in this country has seldom really involved the syndicates and the underworld kings of popular anathema, into an organised industry with the unholy trappings made familiar by the more lurid paper-backs. I don't know who could say whether this has happened yet, but it is plain that among the clubs in the Metropolitan Police District, both registered and unregistered (they need not register if the members bring their own liquor or go without) there are now many where prostitutes can be dated and where, accordingly, someone is living on their earnings.

There have been increased convictions in the London Magistrates' Courts, since the passing of the Street Offences Act, for touting outside clubs; and it is significant that, on the cases, a male tout is more likely to be convicted than a female. My information is that a good many of the call-girl clubs are staffed, at least ostensibly, by women, probably as a reflection of the traditional legal attitude to male poncing, which has a basis of erotic hatred. It is therefore worth noting that although section 30 of the Sexual Offences Act, 1956, which penalises 'living wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution', deals solely and specifically with male offenders, the very next section provides for a seven year sentence on any woman who '*for purposes of gain* exercises control, direction, or influence over a prostitute's movements in a way which shows she is aiding, abetting, or compelling her prostitution'. This has been an offence, under a previous Statute, since 1898, but it has never been called 'living on prostitution' and I doubt if there have been half a dozen prosecutions against women, though thousands of prostitutes have employed maids (for example) to aid and abet them and many brothels are run by prostitutes.

There has always been tax-free money in prostitution, and although the Street Offences Act may have lessened its diffused total, it has made what remains more accessible to the exploiter, in much larger individual sums. It would be surprising if this did not attract rival enterprises, which, since they can hardly look for support to the magistracy and the police, must try their own cases and employ their own strong-arm punishers.

How are they to be discouraged? (This begs the question whether they should be left alone, to fulfil a useful antisepsis by wiping each other out; but Chicago tried this in the twenties – you can still see the bullet marks on the walls – and has only lately recovered.) I see that a number of our indigenous 'gangbusters' – Sir Percy Sillitoe and others – have been interviewed by the press about 'the 1960 gang war'. Sir Percy is reported as saying that we ought to restore the death penalty and birch people under twenty-one. They all say we need more and more policemen patrolling the streets on foot, a conspicuously obvious truth which has given up hope and become a platitude; one of them, very sensibly in my view, says we need many more policewomen; still another points out that 'today a policeman who makes enquiries in shady clubs lays himself open to charges of 'corruption', charges which, true or false, stain his character for ever (and this is absolutely true); and they all agree about higher pay.

There isn't much doubt that the police are going to be paid more, on an interim recommendation from the Willinck Commission. But this country is constitutionally incapable of increasing anyone's pay to an extent that would make any real difference to police recruiting, or to police standards of probity or sophistication. Most of us still think a thousand a year is a lot of money, just as three pounds a week used to send a man out in spats on his day off. It might be done by concealed emoluments and a much shorter working week, but if we resorted to material inducements and status symbols to produce a corps d'élite we should have to drop the pretence, which is said to be valuable, that the policeman is 'a man of the people'.

I believe, perverse as it may sound, that we are more likely to solve our police recruiting problem, and therefore any 'gang warfare' problem, by negative than by dynamic methods, by denying ourselves the cathartic luxury of police-baiting, and by dropping the childish pretence that Scotland Yard, Dock Green, and Interpol together form the hub of the universe. I don't see why it should be much easier to love policemen than it is to love inspectors of taxes; but we only curse the tax man about twice a year.

C. H. ROLPH

London Diary

'I AM wondering whether it is any use arranging for my children to go to Cornwall', said a friend to me on Tuesday night. But there are several differences between the misery of the '30s and the fears that must follow the broken Summit. The first is that no one now believes he can escape, but, in contrast to 1938 when we almost knew that war was inevitable, we still cling to the hope that for the first time in history war really is 'too horrible to happen'. Another difference is that in 1938 we were torn by our own measure of responsibility; it did in cold fact depend partly on us whether Chamberlain was able to carry out an appeasement policy or not. Today none of us feels responsible. For a few generations Britain's weight was decisive in world politics and British public opinion was a key factor. All this is now changed. We are all, middle and working class alike, cannon fodder or its modern equivalent, just as the serfs of history have always been. We cannot blame Macmillan as we could Chamberlain. I foresee a new anti-Soviet tide but also much increased pressure from the Left. If Japan, Pakistan and Norway protest against American espionage flights, then many people here will condemn Nato bases altogether; perhaps they should couple this with a demand that, instead of the present futile civil defence, we should follow the example of Sweden and spend the money that we could save on nuclear arms to build the deep shelters which will make us rather less vulnerable to the threats of H bombs. I should expect this to be much discussed at the public inquiry arranged by the CND in the Central Hall on 26 May.

* * *

Mr Gaitskell's change of front on nuclear weapons makes me wonder how his admirers in the right wing press will treat him now. Only last week the *Economist*, with which he has had fairly close relations recently, was calling on him to stand pat against the pressures of the party conference for unilateral nuclear disarmament; it suggested he should threaten to 'involve the party in a suicidal war' unless it backed him in that stand. As late as last Thursday it looked as if Mr Gaitskell were listening to these siren voices, at any rate to the point of insisting that Labour support a joint west European nuclear deterrent. But he has obviously had second thoughts, no doubt because he found himself faced by an unexpected coalition of Mr Harold Wilson and Mr George Brown, who began their new partnership on defence in the Blue Streak debate. Mr Brown, having publicly and courageously shed the British independent nuclear deterrent, is sensible enough to realise that any tinkering with semi-independent deterrents would make nonsense of everything the party had said on defence. He therefore believes that Britain should abandon all attempt to make or buy nuclear weapons and, while standing by Nato, leave the provision of the deterrent entirely to America. This, it seems, is the line he has been suggesting to the representatives of the National Executive Committee who will shortly be meeting the TUC to discuss a new defence policy. So Mr Gaitskell has toed that line – or most of it. But it seems doubtful whether the line will suffice to maintain unity now that we know that America uses overseas bases for espionage flights.

Liberals like to contrast their virtue with the defects of the other parties. Not for them the dominating caucuses of the Labour party nor the angry silences of Conservative whips. A Liberal candidate in a cotton town or in an agricultural constituency was free, if he wished, to advocate protection while his colleagues elsewhere were advocating free trade. Any Liberal candidate could pick his choice, and did, between abandoning nuclear weapons, completely relying on them or – here he would be in line with the Chief Liberal Whip – not putting 'too much reliance' on them. To more cynical observers this suggested opportunism designed to win seats rather than liberality designed to preserve conscience; but even they applauded the tolerance with which the Liberal Fathers allowed younger Liberals openly to advocate changes in the divorce, homosexuality, licensing and other laws which, hitherto, political parties have been afraid to touch. Here, it seemed, was real freedom of expression regardless of the electoral consequences. Alas! the Liberals have now found that these proposals of their younger element have seriously upset the Free Kirk and may have cost them the Inverness seat at the General Election. So, with manœuvres worthy of Sir Thomas Williamson, the Scottish Liberal Party has not only disowned the heresies but has prevented the heretics from having their say at the annual conference. Scratch a freedom-loving Liberal, it seems, and you get the vote-hungry party hack after all.

* * *

If just a quarter of a million houses each with a plot of land as wide as a cricket pitch were built along the coastal front of England and Wales, it would all be bricked-in. Or so a speaker at a Skegness conservationist conference is reported as saying. In my gloomier moments I can see this happening. Already half the 2,750 miles of coast are built up in one way or another. What is to prevent the rest going the same way since there are always vested interests capable of showing a profit by despoiling the countryside? Strange that the authorities and often the people of Britain should be so indifferent to the threatened loss of their downlands and beaches and rocks. In counties like Kent and Hampshire, where the pressures are heavy, the remedy may be to declare the coast a green belt and then use the powers of the Caravan Bill to prevent non-permanent building. Another, which is within the power of many individuals, is to form trusts to lease land near the sea and so preserve its beauty and save its wild-life from destruction. Individual effort in the shape of trusts or societies can still be effective. Private effort seems to have succeeded in protecting Broughton Bay in the Gower peninsula from the scheme to build a vast caravan park there. It is a way not of preventing people from enjoying beaches and cliffs: merely of making them fit for enjoyment.

* * *

I've heard it said that a cricket ball is just a little too big and heavy for even the largest dog to run off with, and there are people who believe that the size of a dog's mouth was one of the criteria taken into account by the sober legislators who fixed the circumference of the ball at not less than 8½ inches. Nevertheless, it actually happened in village cricket the other day that a small dog got to the ball just before a panting fieldsman and led the whole team into the surrounding bracken, stopping chivalrously now and then to give them time to catch up a little. Then he dropped the ball and retired to watch the search, with his tongue out. After five minutes they got out a new ball. The same dog took this in a matter of moments, and a second search lasted an equally fruitless but much more eloquent twenty minutes. A much larger dog took the third ball, tore along the main road with it, and was lost to sight. The match was abandoned. I don't doubt, in view of the understanding among dogs, that this particular village green will now attract them in growing numbers; and a growing number of Englishmen will find their two deepest loves, dumb animals and cricket, agonisingly at war. The love of cricket was vociferously uppermost on this occasion. But isn't there an idea in this for the Lord's Day Observance Society? Now that the Sunday Observance Act looks like failing them at long last, why not train small packs of cricket-ball dogs to spoil the fun?

* * *

The hovercraft was showing its paces on Tuesday afternoon between Westminster and Lambeth bridges and the banks of the Thames were black with people. The MPs were on the Terrace and the House as good as deserted. The din was appalling. It did not, however, in the least disturb the duck, which sat as usual quietly on her nest in the geranium bed.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In Highgate Cemetery yesterday a long-neglected tomb had a spring clean. London merchant Roland Stagg, who died in 1860, is buried there with his wife, Jane Armstrong. The clean-up was ordered when it was discovered that the couple were great-great-grandparents of Mr Armstrong-Jones. – *Daily Mail* (M. A. Woodroffe.)

A woman who dyed her cat pink, blue, and green, with a peroxide blond tail, has been asked by the RSPCA not to do so again. She has been told by a society inspector that the cat – a one-year old male called Fred, who is normally black and grey – might get a complex if he feels that everyone is laughing at him. – *Sunday Express* (Mrs Hollister.)

An Argentinian sculptor called Guyla Kosice has just been charged £75 duty by the Customs at London Airport on his 'hydraulic sculptures,' because the Customs held that the sculptures – water-filled constructions of plastic which were on their way to be exhibited in London – were not works of art but bits of plumbing. – *Guardian* (E. L. Bennett.)

Lord Caldecote said the present system of selecting university students was far too efficient. In the past random selection by means of money was very satisfactory. 'It brought together people of varying academic standards, which was of great benefit to the nation.' – *Guardian*. (M. Todd.)

No one knows exactly how many rooms Buckingham Palace contains. The figure is generally said to be 'roughly 600.' This inability to give the exact number is due to the fact that so many of the little rooms up under the eaves are barely larger than cupboards. Thus, some surveyors list them as 'cupboards,' others as 'servants' bedrooms.' – *Woman's Illustrated*. (Jack Hollis.)

But one prophecy, I am sure, I should never have made – that my tutor would become Baroness Wootton, and that Princess Margaret Rose would become Mrs. Jones. Well, it has happened – and so the social revolution is complete. – Letter in *News Chronicle* (D. V. Ford.)

The Revolt of the Helots

There remain today, as always in South Africa's recent past, three forces which, alone or in combination, could break white racial rule. One is big business. The others are the Africans themselves and world pressure. Regarding the latter, it is highly significant that considerable publicity was given, at least in the English-language press, which is controlled by non-Nationalist capital, to the recent refusal of West Indian dockers to handle a maize cargo from South Africa. The ship had to sail on to New York, and a dispute as to financial responsibility is still raging. It is widely realised by South African executives that if its incoming and outgoing cargoes were to be declared 'black' by dockers in Britain, the major European ports and along America's East coast, the government could not see the month out.

On the diplomatic front there remains, of course, the remote possibility of United Nations sanctions and, more feasibly, direct action over South West Africa, where the UN could put itself on strong legal ground. And, if it achieved nothing else, Mr Louw's performance during the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference made it crystal clear that the only thing to which his party will respond is power, of one sort or another, directly exercised.

What of the Africans? For them more than anyone else, the emergency has been decisive. It is often forgotten by outsiders that South Africa is not a Czechoslovakia, that the Africans have not had rights taken from them by a foreign army of occupation. They do indeed live permanently under such an army, thinly disguised in 'normal' times as a police force. But, unlike the Czechs, the Africans have never had any rights. From the beginning of white settlement they have everywhere, except to a very limited degree under the early British regimes, endured at best paternalistic rule and, more recently, helotry. All the resources of succeeding states have been directed to impressing upon Africans that the white man is boss, and, at least until this emergency, the large majority of Africans have accepted that, fundamentally, the white man has a right to be boss.

Those who have questioned or rejected this belief are to be found chiefly in the urban areas, where industrialisation combined with pigmentocracy, or rule by colour, has created a proletariat which, in its rightlessness and poverty, almost parodies the direst tenets of early Marxism. It is on this urban third of the Union's 9,500,000 Africans that the now banned African National Congress relied in its active phase, and it has been widely accepted that these Africans, potentially able to bring industry and commerce to a standstill, could force change in the country at large. But widespread poverty, legalised industrial repression, and the banning of the few effective African trade unions has hitherto prevented the exercise of their immense potential force. The state, especially since it passed under Nationalist control 12 years ago, has bent its best energies to subduing the urban African, to depriving him of stability, of contact with liberal whites, or access to a humanist education and of the opportunity to organise industrially. Beyond the legal facade, the ultimate sanction of the retaliatory bloodbath has always loomed explicitly large.

Now South Africa has been unique in two particularly significant ways: it has thrown up an African leadership whose political and general sophistication finds no parallel in Southern Africa even today, and this leadership has not led its followers towards African nationalism. Nor has it at any time embraced the idea of violence, either explicitly or implicitly. Instead, the ANC has endorsed multi-racialism and has relied on peaceful extra-parliamentary techniques, which kept within the bounds of even the facade of Nationalist legality. This ANC strategy has been pursued with only a rudimentary organisation, and the leadership has too often had to rely on the unpredictable response of the urban African masses. The stay-at-home has become the prime technique, and the stay-at-home relies for success on the support of the overwhelming majority of poor, unorganised and only semi-literate urban Africans. Then, within the Congress movement, there has in recent years developed a distinct reluctance on the part of the leadership to go to jail. Given the outlook and sophistication of the Congress leadership, in which its radical white allies have had an important hand, the long struggle to win legal acquittals in the treason trial is understandable. It has overshadowed all else in the Congress strategy.

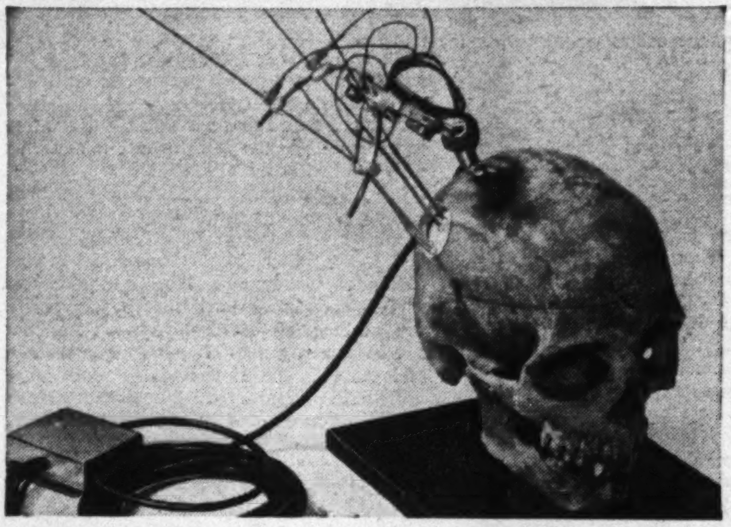
This situation has now changed – the twin instruments of this change being the government itself and the Pan African Congress. The technique of struggle which ultimately relies on winning court cases has long been undermined by the nature of the laws which the Nationalists have forced the courts to administer. They have, moreover, recently admitted publicly that judges have been appointed by them according to the language, English or Afrikaans, which they speak. And now, with the government's announced intention of transferring control of entry into the legal profession from the law society into its own hands, the complete destruction of what was one of the finest judiciaries in the Commonwealth is nearly complete.

As for the Pan Africanists, there should be no illusions about the small group which goes under this name. The Pan Africanists are anti-white. They are a small group of dangerous men, one at least of whom is a psychopath. Their leader, Robert Sobukwe, differs from his followers in his urbanity and sophistication, but he fully shares his lieutenants' rabid black chauvinism. On the morning of his nation-wide call for self-sacrificial though peaceful anti-pass action, he had to confess himself a disappointed man, as well he might. Only Cape Town and Vereeninging responded to his call, and his proud boasts of action from Johannesburg, his home ground and the country's heart, had fallen resoundingly flat. Not a single Johannesburg township moved that day, not even Orlando, where Sobukwe lived. But all this was not to matter. The police, with the slaughter of Sharpeville, put the Pan Africanists well on the map. In the past, when Africans have suffered as a result of a political campaign, they have invariably blamed it on their leaders. To my knowledge no one, except the ANC organisation, has blamed the Pan Africanists for Sharpeville. With their simple black appeal and their disregard for the responsible calculations of the African National Congress leadership, black nationalism has finally caught fire from across the Limpopo.

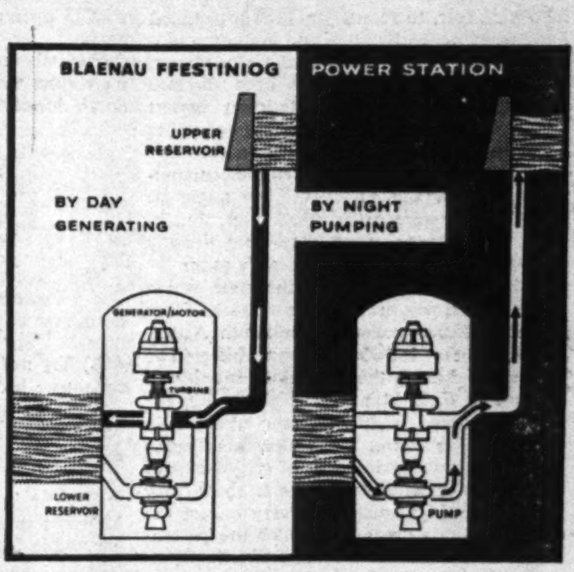
To the government, the key event in South Africa's current history is not Sharpeville but the killing, earlier this year, of white

AEI

WORLD ELECTRICAL NEWS IN PICTURES - 2

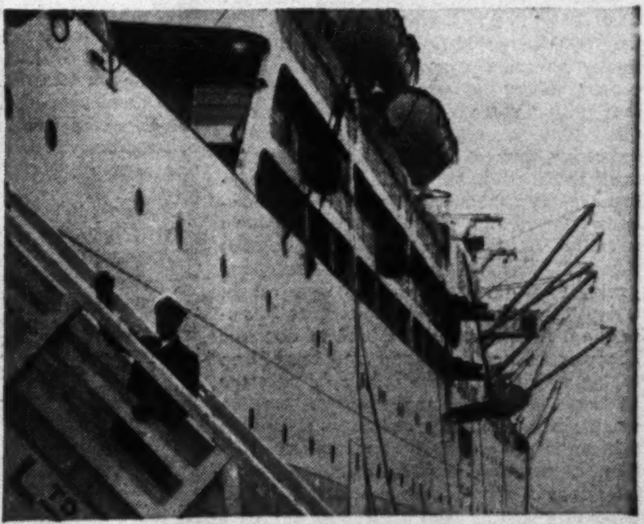


Secrets of the brain. It is a great boon to the surgeon, and to his patient, to be able to trace and localise brain tumours and to detect epileptic areas which the eye cannot see. This work is done by *cortical electrodes,* shown on the skull above, which make it possible to chart brain impulses on a recording device. AEI worked closely with London Hospital to evolve this, the most advanced equipment of its kind in the world.



'Banking' power. Why will Blaenau Ffestiniog power station cost about £3 millions less to build and substantially less to run than an ordinary power station? Because AEI water-wheel generators will put night time power into storage for use at peak day time hours. They will pump water uphill at night and re-convert it into power as it falls by day.

Night walk! Saturday after Saturday for two years these men worked from midnight, when the last train passed, until dawn, laying cables for the electrification of the railway between Gillingham, Sheerness, Ramsgate and Dover. Altogether some 450 miles of AEI cables were installed alongside the 90 miles of track—part of AEI's contribution to faster, cleaner, more frequent trains between London and the South-East.



'Key' man goes aboard. Frank Goodall, 60, has served forty years on the AEI seagoing staff of over 400 Radio Officers who keep seafarers within call of safety in ships and tankers the world over. Besides making, installing, servicing and operating ship's radio equipment, AEI has men standing by ready to fly at a moment's notice anywhere in the world if a replacement operator should be needed.

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and black policemen by the enraged inhabitants of Durban's Cato Manor. White rule can only be maintained in South Africa on one of two conditions: either Africans must continue to accept, deep down, that the white man has a right to be boss, or the balance between their resentment and their fear of white force must be held unyieldingly in favour of fear. In recent years the resentment has been growing by leaps and bounds, and it has often exploded. But, until Cato Manor, these explosions had always been directed against the symbols of white rule; against administration buildings, schools, churches and beerhalls. The police, with sten guns and even without Saracens, remained the contemptuous lords of the Africans. They might be stoned. They were never killed. Not, that is, until Cato Manor, when they were literally butchered and pounded into a gory pulp.

This, for the police and the state which they support, was the moment of truth. There are only 25,000 policemen in South Africa, and of these 13,000 are non-whites. The police witnesses in the Sharpeville inquiry all referred to Cato Manor. The police are, for the first time, frightened, and their only reaction is to shoot. No matter how many experts on peaceful methods of crowd control come from America to lecture to them, they will remain frightened, and every one of the current military operations which the government mounts on yet another African township, going in with Saracens and troops, has only one purpose: the balance between African fear and resentment must be hammered back remorselessly on the side of fear.

There can be little doubt that, for the immediate future, the government will succeed. But there is one other new factor in the post-Sharpeville situation which may render irrelevant not only the government's present actions but also the past strategy of the ANC and the short-lived experiment of the PAC'S passive defiance. At Sharpeville, somebody thought of cutting the telephone cable to the police station. In one of the subsequent stay-at-homes in Johannesburg, somebody dumped a massive air compressor down a cutting on to several railway lines, thus preventing tens of thousands of Africans from getting to work. Two Africans were caught trying to set fire to a post office near Johannesburg. And, amongst the haul of domestic choppers, kitchen knives and rusty bits of iron tubing which the police habitually advertise as 'large quantities of dangerous weapons seized in raids', they caught one Durban African in possession of seven sticks of gelignite. In sustained police operations lasting over several weeks, these were the only incidents of their kind, and it might be a mistake to overrate their significance. But no one has ever cut telephone cables before, nor wrecked railway lines during a stay-at-home.

Intimidation has always played some part in past African protests, but the ANC leadership has never officially countenanced it from its followers and it has fought shy of the *tsotsie*, or gangster, element. The Pan Africanites have not such scruples. Now both organisations are banned and their leaders have been incarcerated. There will be no one with whom white liberals can work, and thus, ironically, no direct way of modifying through co-operation and friendship the surging black resentment against white rule. Should there be continued, if sporadic, attempts at mass African action, more blood will flow. The government can hold down mass protest. But the *tsotsies* remain. By banning all African political organisations, the Nationalists are creating the very situation which they must fear most – the rise of black terror groups, working in the anonymity of the skin colour and the warrens of their unpoliced townships. To such groups, mass action would be irrelevant. If African nationalism should get a hold on the gangsters of the black townships – utterly ruthless and often intelligent men who use pistols as their daily tools – or if, with all open organisation barred to them, the disciples of African nationalism should deliberately turn to the *tsotsies*' methods, more than telephone cables would be cut in South Africa.

James Fairbairn

Dear Sir...

You have now been condemned to death. The following hints are for your guidance during the days or hours that are pending.

(1) Try not to dwell on the past. The dead cannot be brought back to life. Aim at considering the future. The part which you are to play has an important social function. You are to be made an example to others.

(2) Bear in mind that the warders of Her Majesty's prisons are there to help you. It is impossible for you to carry out your appointed task alone and without aid.

(3) The routine of the death cell has been planned on an assessment of your own needs. It has been found that a fixed routine both makes the time go quicker and encourages prisoners to maintain self-respect. It is for this reason that you are asked to wash, shave and keep yourself neat.

(4) Remember that your sentence has a time-honoured tradition behind it. You are in no sense being used as part of an experiment. You are following in the footsteps of thousands of others.

(5) It is hoped that you will ask yourself whether you cannot forgive those responsible for ordering and carrying out your punishment. Do not forget that they have no personal choice in the matter and that on a social and national level there are circumstances in which the taking of life is a legitimate form of self-defence.

(6) Be grateful that you have been tried in the Free World in the 20th century. You have had the benefit of a just trial and have not fallen a victim to mob law based on superstition and propaganda. You can be proud of your trial.

(7) If directly or indirectly you are approached by the press, legal advice is available to you. Publicity does not always serve your interests. Many have found strength in silence.

Do Not in Any Way Foul or Deface the Walls of Your Cell.

John Berger

NEXT WEEK

John Freeman

Looks at Television

Paul Johnson

Post-mortem from Paris

Heading for the Mental

When Malcolm Muggeridge and Wolf Mankowitz came to visit me – dying, it had been reported – in an Irish hospital, they themselves escaped death narrowly, the main highway to our town caving in just in front of them. A hole opened, and a big girl on her way to church dropped twenty feet on to the rubble of the ocean shore.

A dog dropped through with her. Retaining its senses while she lay stunned, it made its way to the barely visible hole at sea level through which the ocean had for years been sucking away ton after ton of the road's foundations. It was the dog's emergence on the beach which alerted everyone to the nature of the damage. Investigation underground quickly disclosed that by now there was nothing left of the highway along that stretch except just the fine-looking macadam surface with the buses, lorries and other vehicles bowling over it. All beneath had been totally eroded. From below, the basic parts of the telegraph poles could be seen sticking through to a length of four or five feet, founded in nothing.

By this incident I was disgusted. Occurring precisely in Ireland it had given my two friends illusions. It could as well have happened in California. But then it would have had for them some different significance.

Just adding to the misleading course of events, when they had reached my home the previous night the electric power had failed throughout the district and rats had eaten the candle reserve. The visitors were by no means amazed. They were saying to themselves 'Isn't that typically Irish?'

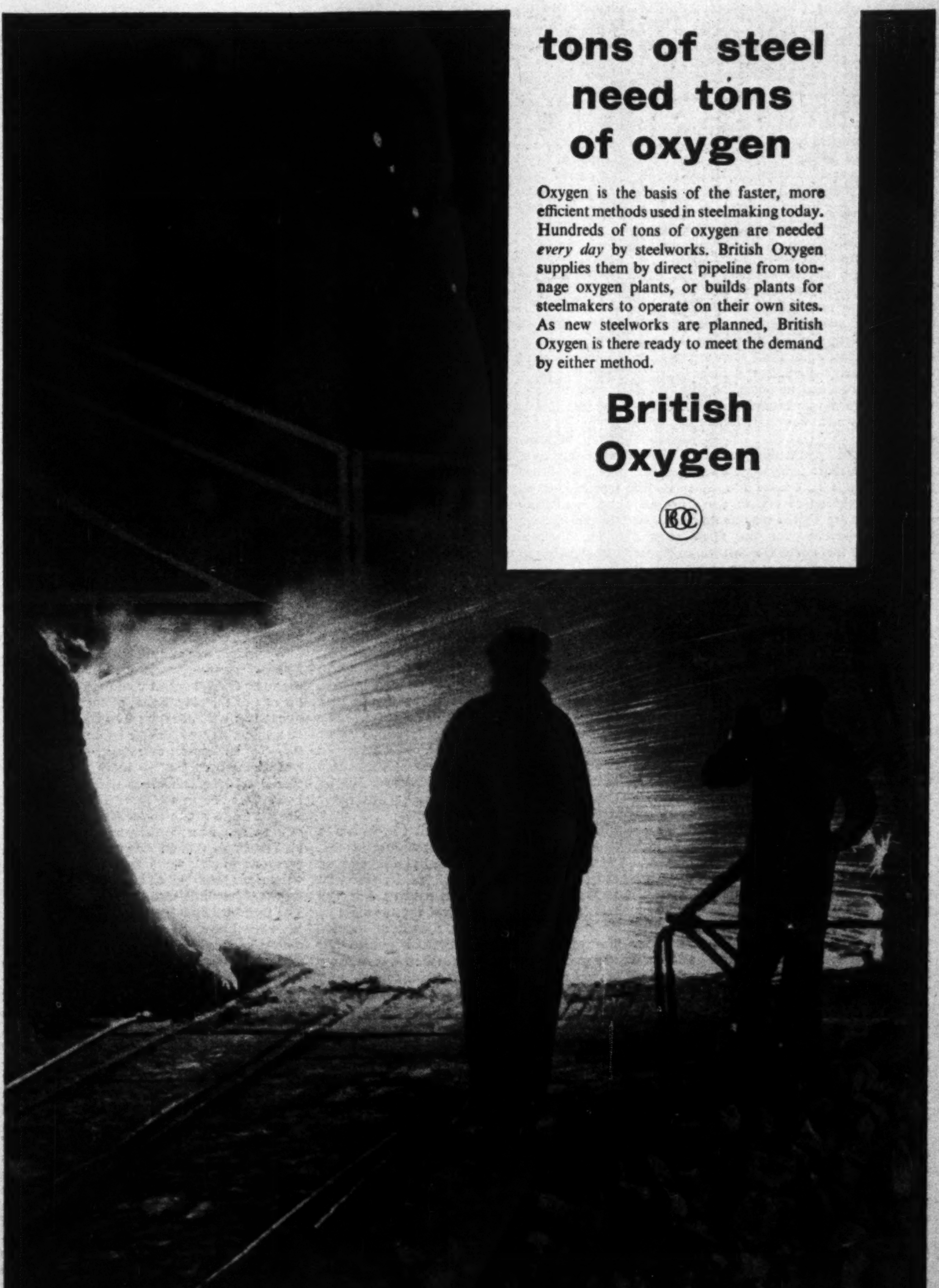
What made the thing deplorable and disconcerting was that in this case the facts had, so to speak, fitted themselves to the illusion. And I, not being much interested in Irishism *an sich*, but interested in Ireland as a phenomenon unique in the western world, was horrified by the notion of this uniqueness being squeezed further into any sort of pigeonhole.

Also, with my cerebral cortices rocking to the tune of streptomycin and other powerful anti-TB drugs, and Mankowitz adumbrating a plan for getting into the shrine-and-hotel business in a big, Lourdesian way by establishing a grotto on the beach in celebration of the wondrous escape of the fat girl who fell through the road and saved the lives of countless lorry drivers and commercial travellers, buzzing carefree along the ever-so-thin macadam, a still more disturbing thought jolted me.

These people have been led to suppose that the caving in of a major highway is significant of a general situation obtaining in this section of the world. They are mistaken. Well then, suppose everything that happens, every phenomenon which one supposes to be significant of something is really without significance beyond itself, or significant of something quite other than one imagines?

Catching myself at this point I realised I must be truly ill – degenerating, perhaps, into some kind of second adolescence. I concentrated instead on the Mankowitz plan, which by now was an enormous structure of satiric imagination, with pinnacles of fantasy flashing at every corner in the sunshine of amusement.

It is always a pleasure to listen to Wolf



tons of steel need tons of oxygen

Oxygen is the basis of the faster, more efficient methods used in steelmaking today. Hundreds of tons of oxygen are needed *every day* by steelworks. British Oxygen supplies them by direct pipeline from tonnage oxygen plants, or builds plants for steelmakers to operate on their own sites. As new steelworks are planned, British Oxygen is there ready to meet the demand by either method.

British Oxygen

BOC

Mankowitz talking. I was irked only by a fear lest his voice, suggestive of a high fidelity recording of an instrument for grinding iron filings, might penetrate the glass walls of my hospital cubicle, and his fantasy give offence to bed-ridden Catholics.

The whole interior of this ward was divided into cubicles with walls of glass. You could see clear through to all the other cubicles from one end of the wing to the other. But the glass was semi-soundproof. Unless people raised their voices loudly in dispute, exhortation or song, you heard at most a susurration. So that the visible world of the ward was a continuous pantomime, a film of the period before the invention of the sound-track.

Muggeridge, on the occasion of his visit, immediately went on record with the statement that this provided the ideal refuge and delight for modern man – contemplation without interruption. He would like, he said, to reserve space in that sanatorium. For when, precisely? Well, for a little later, as soon as he had tied up some loose ends and was all set to devote himself to that contemplative life which was his constant objective and ideal.

This glazed pantomime was no doubt rendered the more lively by the incidence of the drugs. Once there came into my hands the printed description of one of the drugs and its effects, issued by the manufacturer. It was intended, evidently, for the attention and guidance of the doctors rather than of the ultimate consumer. Among possible effects it listed manic euphoria, loss of tactile sense, and epileptic fits.

It seemed to me, too, that the drugs – or else simply the peculiar circumstances of hospital life – had the effect of temporarily developing people's superficial or latent characteristics to slightly larger than normal life size. A man, who was in the ward for a couple of months and in life outside – I was assured by those who knew him – was in no way remarkable, let alone sexually off-beat, showed feminine tendencies so strong that we would not have been surprised to see him undergo a change of sex on the spot. He would trip delicately about the corridors, pirouetting and wagging his hips, while his eyes, accustomed in the outer world to ogle the girls of the village, would droop and swivel at one under flickering eyelashes like the eyes of an oriental courtesan in a B-picture.

The drugs certainly produced periods of sharply increased awareness. There is a line beyond which this heightened awareness becomes hallucination – unless one prefers to call it the appreciation of a reality not ordinarily perceived. The possibility – probability indeed – of such hallucinations made a good many people nervous. For there could be no provision in the TB-sanatorium for the housing of anyone becoming mentally deranged. There was thus in the minds of many a constant fear of being packed off to what was called 'the mental'.

The prospect was justifiably daunting. At the time, the mental hospitals in that part of Ireland were cruelly over-crowded. To find oneself with raging tuberculosis, mentally deranged, and sleeping quite possibly on a floor mattress in a ward jam-packed with similar sufferers would be to reach a low degree of the human condition.

Naturally there were sometimes nurses who, exasperated by the notorious cussedness of tuberculosis victims, did not always resist the convenience of hinting that another rude word or act of indiscipline could easily be interpreted as a sign of mental disorder, a slippery step towards 'the mental'. The cool figures in white are not invariably as cool as all that.

A man in our ward who had annoyed nurses in various ways seemed hopelessly headed for 'the mental' when he kept ringing his bell for the nurse and told her that what bothered him now was that a horse kept coming up to his window – the ward was a bungalow structure, fronting a field – and peering in at him. He wanted steps taken about the horse. But there was, they said, no horse in that field.

No such bizarre complaint had even been made before, and the man's prospects appeared dark indeed until, by a fortunate chance, as I lay in bed that very night, I saw silhouetted against the not quite black sky the head and shoulders of a horse. I rang for the night nurse and rushed to the window. By the time the nurse got there the horse itself had malignly disappeared, tending to confirm that it was a mere hallucination. I begged the nurse, a woman of good will, to stand absolutely silent, listening. Sure enough, though one could have sworn the beast was trying to walk tiptoe so as to maintain its reputation as a figment of diseased imagination, we heard it soft-hoofing away across the field. It was betrayed by an outcrop of rock, and the nurse was able to testify that the creature was real.

The disclosure did the man who had first seen the horse no permanent good. A little later he saw an entire fête and gala going on in the desolate field beyond his window. There were clergymen and dowagers and numerous lovely girls dancing with young, brilliantly accoutred officers, amid stalls heaped high with glorious flowers, all set on a wonderfully barbered greensward.

He was an elderly man, vaguely connected, I believe, at one time with the British civil administration in Ireland. Whether at some distant period he had actually witnessed or participated in such a scene, or whether he had read stories about such events (supposed to have been taking place all summer long in the days before World War I) was never revealed.

In a last effort to delay his translation to 'the mental' I suggested, not hopefully, that perhaps what he had actually seen was an archdeacon of the Church of Ireland who used to visit the Protestant patients. I argued that it was perfectly natural for the sight of an archdeacon to set off a train of thought leading to visions of a brilliant church fête and gala. Inded this archdeacon was in every respect all that an archdeacon should be, very suggestive of gentle and genteel amenities.

He told me once that his great sorrow was that, although always intending to be a writer, he had seen the weeks and years somehow gliding by without his ever actually becoming one. When he saw an advertisement of a book of my own in *The Times Literary Supplement* he asked 'How long did it take you to write that book?' I told him about three months. 'There you are,' he said. '*I* never get that much free time.' I could not help remarking rather huffily that if I had had a little more free time in my life I should not have been just an archdeacon, I should have been a bishop.

Despite my efforts, it was not thought that the physical existence of the archdeacon explained the church fête, or put it on so rational a basis as the horse. When I left, it looked as though the only eyewitness of the scene was likely to be leaving for 'the mental' fairly soon.

CLAUD COCKBURN

The Arts and Entertainment

Arabia Deserta

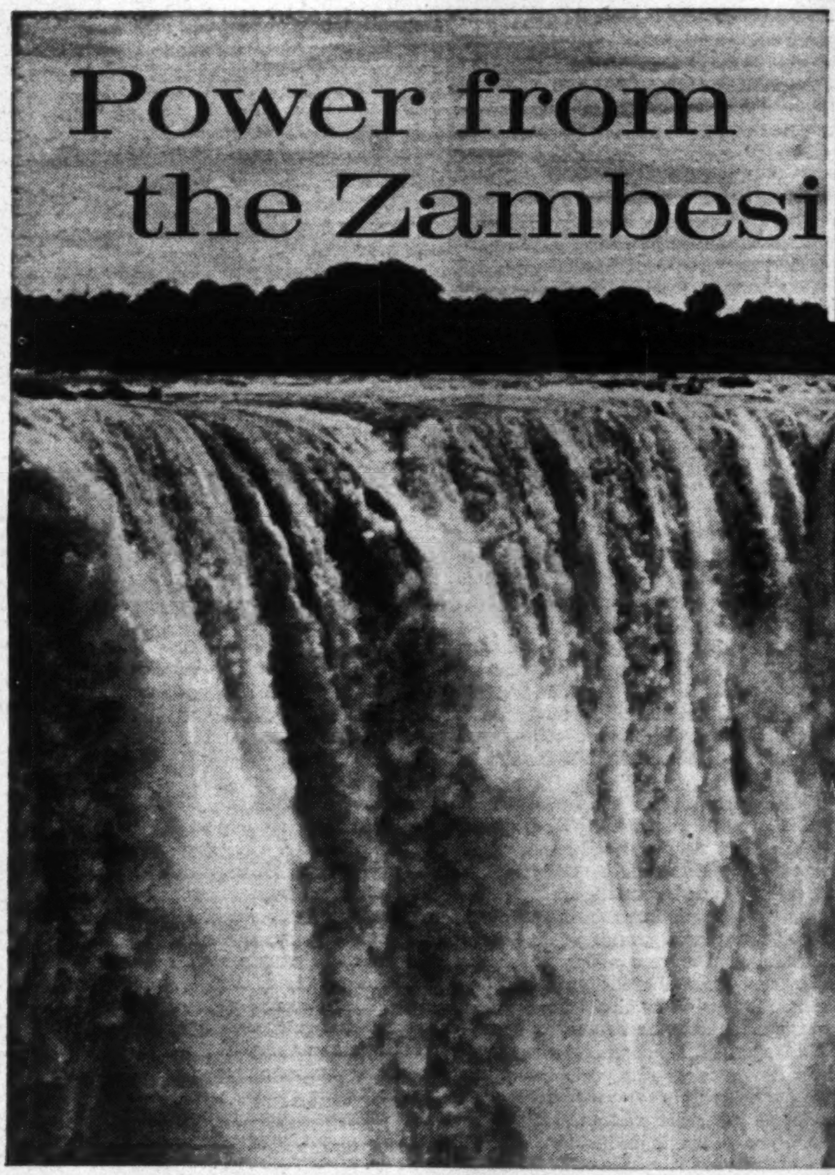
UNDER that urbane style of his Terence Rattigan hides a yearning for the heroic epic. Last time he aired it was for the dramatic biography of Alexander the Great, called, significantly enough, *Adventure Story*. Now he has done the same for Lawrence of Arabia. *Ross* (Theatre Royal, Haymarket) begins at the point where Lawrence is hiding both his fame and inner breakdown under the anonymity of the RAF recruit, Aircraftman Ross. Why he is doing so is the rest of Rattigan's story. There is a brief dream transition after the manner of the end of *St Joan* and then the epic proper begins. Except for another spell of the RAF at the end, the rest of the play's three hours is spent following Lawrence round and round the seven pillars, from his landing at Jidda to the final taking of Damascus.

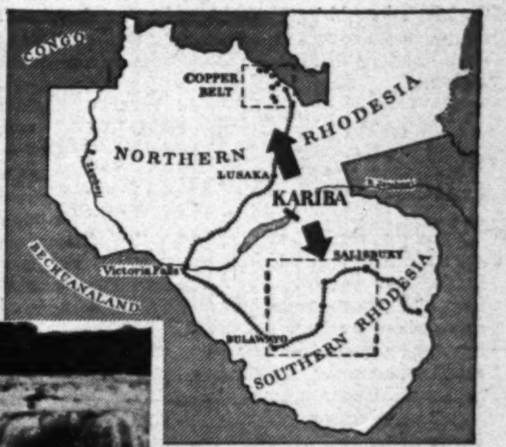
Rattigan sees the whole affair as a great epic of the will. Lawrence broke only when his will was broken. And this, the author suggests, was done by a Turkish commander - played with impressive perverted brutality by Geoffrey Keen – who had him flogged, homosexually assaulted and then, for no apparent reason, set free again. So Lawrence of Arabia turned into A/C Ross because his whole being had, in every sense, been violated and his will destroyed.

Well, it's a theory and, even if it is not particularly convincing, it makes for a good dramatic crisis. I wish I could say as much for the rest of the play. Epics, of course, are hard things to stage: they are unwieldy and formless; things happen, people appear and no one stays for an answer; everything must be justified by the hero, but he rarely sees the other characters long enough to develop creatively from them. Yet if the form is hard, Rattigan doesn't make it any easier for himself by his writing. I wonder, in fact, why he chose it at all. He simply doesn't have the style. He is, as everyone knows, an extremely skilful playwright, but in a bright, competent, superficial way that has little to do with the heroic epic. The form demands a less commonplace mind. So when Lawrence and Allenby are fencing wittily or the RAF types are chattering, the dialogue is amusing, well-written and perfectly apposite. Alas, everybody talks in the same way. Give or take a few invocations of Allah, even the Arab warriors are reduced to the same level of back-slapping chumminess, while the Turkish villain, at his grimmest, is made to say 'His brain . . . is as brilliant, ice-cold and ruthless as any revolutionary's in history' - which may sound all very well in a Biggles adventure story but comes a bit hard *à propos* T. E. Lawrence.

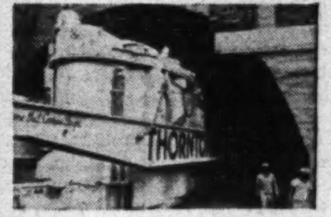
Ross, in short, suffers from a poverty of dialogue and ideas that even Alec Guinness cannot cover up. Not, for an actor of his powers, that he seemed to try very hard. He can exude fatigue and hopelessness by a mere hunch of his shoulders or a dragging of his feet. But this time he slowed his movements down to the point when it was hard to distinguish despair from lethargy, and in the first act his voice was unchangingly sepulchral. As Allenby, Harry Andrews had a far easier part, but he played it superbly, with never a gesture wrong; it is time this excellent actor stopped playing second fiddle to more famous

Power from the Zambesi

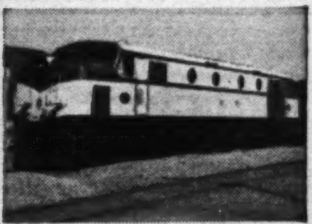




What Kariba means to Rhodesia: this great source of power is just halfway between the mines of the Copper Belt in the North and the expanding industries of the South—there's power for the *whole country.*



Kariba Into the cavernous transformer hall—carved out of the solid rock—goes one of the ten English Electric single-phase 80 MVA 330 kV generator transformers at the Kariba dam site on the Zambesi.



Rail Giant For Rhodesia Railways English Electric have supplied 35 of these 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives, the most powerful ever built for a narrow-gauge railway.

RHODESIA'S DYNAMIC THRUST AHEAD

The eyes of the world are on Kariba, glittering token of future prosperity for all the peoples of Rhodesia. But the Kariba Dam is only a means to an end—the provision of cheap and abundant electricity for developing industries.

The Kariba scheme will bring enormous benefits to Northern and Southern Rhodesia alike: transmission lines will reach north to the Copper Belt—copper is still the main source of Rhodesia's wealth—and south to the more populous areas of Bulawayo and Salisbury, where secondary industries are being built up as part of the government's plan to broaden the basis of the country's economy.

English Electric in Rhodesia. In all branches of power engineering—for *producing, distributing* and *using* electricity—The English Electric Company has long been at work in Rhodesia. At Kariba and in the copper mines you will find English Electric equipment. Rhodesia Railways, which have carried out a phenomenal expansion programme since the war, have been supplied with thirty-five 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric locomotives. Many of Rhodesia's modern factories and offices contain English Electric transformers, switchgear and fusegear. And so the fruitful relationship grows: English Electric gains further experience, which it can use for work in other countries and at home; Rhodesia knows it can depend on the specialised knowledge and vast technical resources which lie behind every contract with English Electric.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

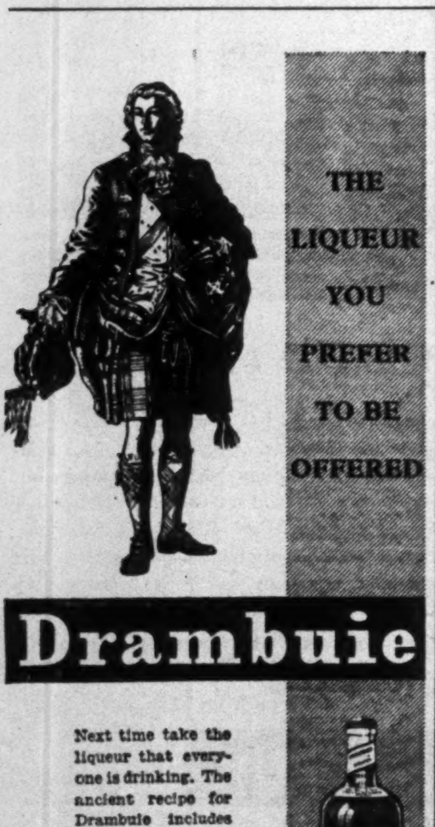
The English Electric Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2 names and was given the limelight for himself. Peter Bayliss added some good cockney character acting and Glen Byam Shaw kept the play's great length moving fairly briskly, though he failed to discourage all the Bedouin from sounding like English schoolboys out on a prank.

A. Alvarez

Miles Away

The most elusive of jazz musicians has once again escaped us. The trumpeter Miles Davis, who was recently to have opened a British tour, remains the only major living jazz artist whom we have not heard in the flesh, for reasons which are as vague and complex as all excuses for not turning up in show-business. Under normal circumstances this would be no reason for writing about him, but Davis is the sort of wraith-like artist whose characteristics are merely emphasised by his absence. What the devil is there to him? Something, clearly, or else he would not have topped numerous popularity and critics' polls in various countries – lately even in traditional Britain – ahead of Louis Armstrong or even the technically far superior Dizzy Gillespie. But what? The question is in its way as difficult to answer about him as about Lawrence of Arabia, and for analogous reasons. The 'image' of both men seems so much bigger than their measurable achievement.

Davis is a player of surprisingly narrow technical and emotional range; perhaps outside traditional blues-players the most limited artist to have achieved so high a reputation. Moreover, as has been pointed out, even within that range most of his records are not very good. A handful of tracks in 1949-50 established him. A series of carefully spaced records since 1957 confirmed him; but even this latest, and by common consent most fruitful, phase of his art contains some notable failures such as his leaden and dragging *Porgy and Bess.* (On the other hand, on much of *Milestones* and some of *Kind of Blue,* it contains genuinely imperishable stuff.) And yet, what even the worst of his mature records radiate, and what almost certainly explains Miles's remarkable success, is an absolutely unmistakable sound and mood. The sound, at its most characteristic, is a very slow, ghostly, muted, faraway lyricism rather like what we might have expected if Tennyson had blown a jazz solo instead of writing 'Tithonus.' The mood, as one might expect, is one of total introversion and ranges from a reflective melancholy to naked desolation; but these sound as though felt by someone who, though not suffering from nightmares, is never quite awake. It is a sleepwalker's art, a lonely sound which plays before, after and besides, but rarely *with* other players. It is quite unforgettable. Film-critics have an almost infinite capacity for not noticing sound-tracks, but when Miles Davis did the accompaniment to a recent French thriller (recorded as *Lift to the Scaffold,* as usual on Fontana), Miss C. A. Lejeune did notice it. She said there was too much brass. It is a genuine if unorthodox tribute to Miles's power to project himself, all the more so as there is only one trumpet on the film-track and as Miles rarely raises it above his customary remote echo-sound.



Next time take the liqueur that everyone is drinking. The ancient recipe for Drambuie includes old Scotch whisky, heather honey and delicate herbs.

What else is there besides this strange personality whose power lies in Davis's uncompromising hostility to the outer world? A genuine talent for improvising long, simple, often hauntingly beautiful arias, sometimes against backgrounds scored by Gil Evans. A gift, unexpected in so essentially uncooperative an artist, for inspiring the musicians who play with him in the small groups which are his natural habitat. The rare ability to suggest vistas beyond the sound of his horn, stretching into some sad sort of infinity. I do not think that he is a great artist, because as yet he lacks both the tragic and the comic dimension. But there are few more genuine poets in jazz, and no player who would make better background music for an exhibition of romantic art. The present vogue for him is justified; but I should feel happier if the young men and women for whom jazz is the only adequate expression of their view of life, chose for their symbol a player whose art was less close to self-pity and the denial of life.

Nothing could be further from Davis than Lionel Hampton's *Open House* (RCA Camden), a reminder of the most gilded moment of the golden age of jazz, 1939-41, when a pick-up band could consist of Gillespie, Hawkins, Carter, Webster, Christian, Hampton and Cozy Cole, and could play as though Freud had not been heard of. A splendid record, though the *Lester Young Memorial Album II,* from the same period, reminds us that there was at least one very mixed-up star even then. *Ella Fitzgerald sings Gershwin* on two HMV records which a misplaced cultural snobbery has enclosed in very bad covers by Buffet. She is, as usual, marvellous; better I fear than Sarah Vaughan who sings hit songs a shade too impersonally on Mercury. True fans' hearts are already beating faster at the thought of the forthcoming visits of the blues-pianists and singers Speckled Red, Memphis Slim and Little Brother Montgomery, the last two of whom will be performing at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival (30 July-1 August).

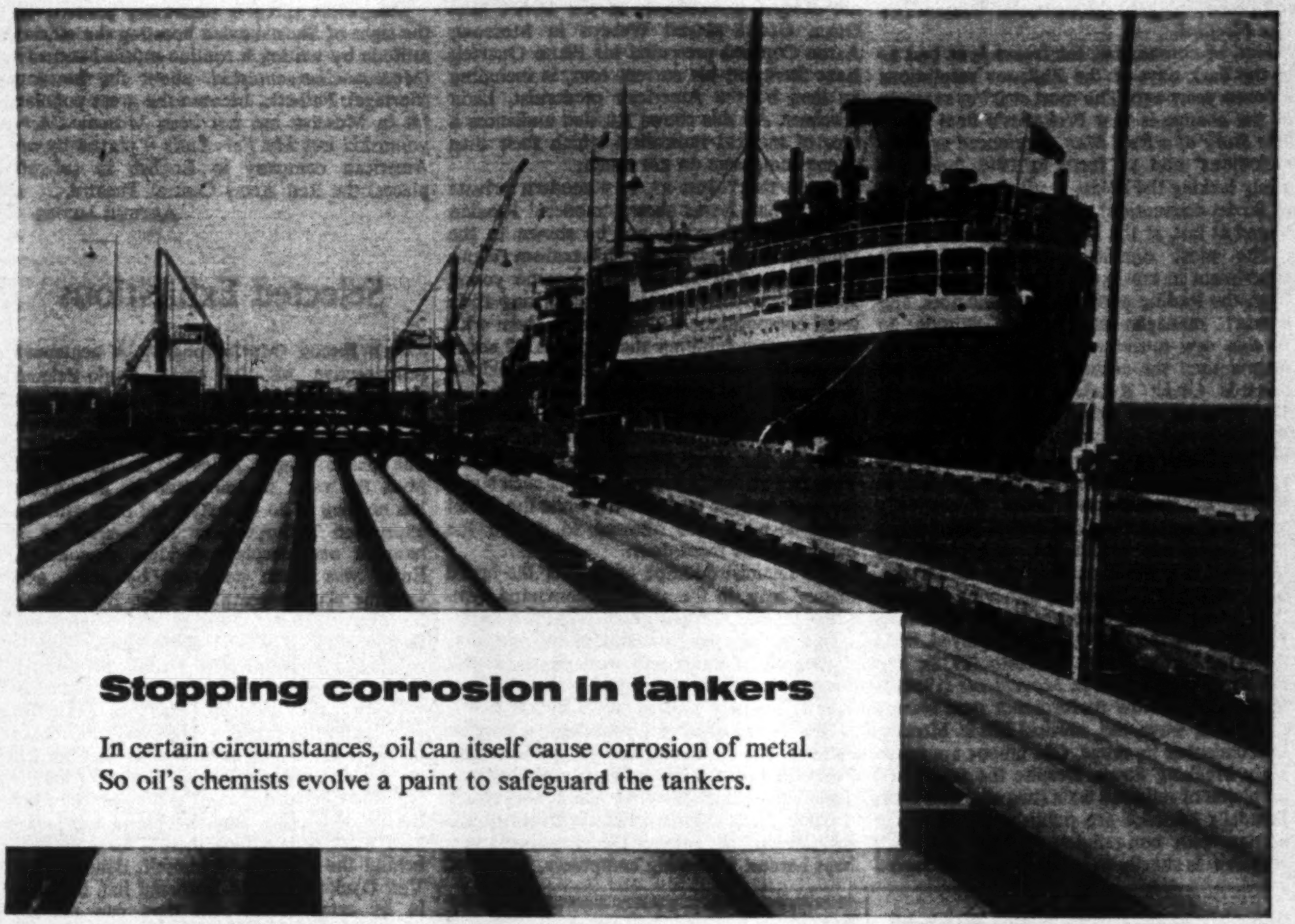
Francis Newton

Music and Myth in Moscow

On the one hand a world-conquering race of virtuosos – such as David and Igor Oistrakh, Leonid Kogan, Emil Gillels, Svyatoslav Richter; on the other hand a total lack, since the war, of any new composers to achieve world rank. This is the familiar musical paradox of Russia, a paradox which wears a clearer (though no less deplorable) look after a music critic's two weeks in Moscow.

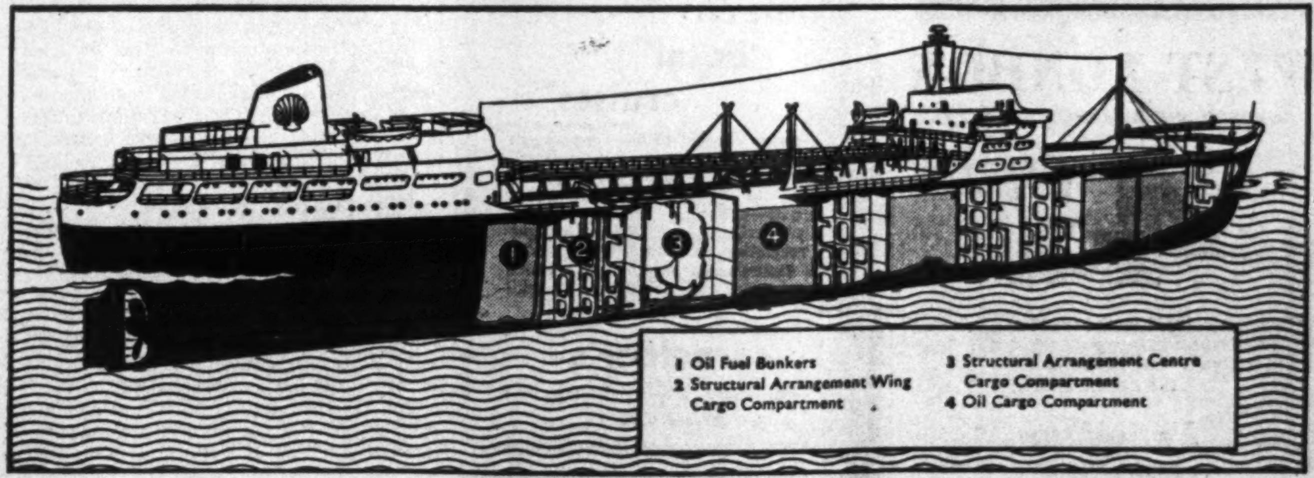
As performers, Soviet musicians inherit the tradition of such pre-revolutionary teachers as Anton Rubinstein and the violinist Leopold Auer. Moreover, as I was reminded in conversation with the 85-year-old Alexander Goldenweiser (an intimate of Tolstoy's who still teaches the piano at the Moscow Conservatory), the Soviet educational system ensures that no deserving talent is deprived of its chance. But as composers, Soviet musicians are still strait-jacketed by ideology imposed from the top. Radical experiment is frowned on. Concerts of the kind found in every musical centre from San Francisco to Warsaw, at which such fertilising agents as serial music and electronic composition are allowed free play, are missing in Moscow. The group of middle-aged-to-elderly composers and musicologists who officially received me at the Union of Soviet Composers condemned all such radicalism as 'avantgardismus'. This is the mythological monster created in Moscow to represent all non-tonal experiment from Schoenberg to Boulez – though, in fact, the partisans of Schoenberg and of Boulez may be at bitter enmity. The 'new' serialism (Stockhausen, Boulez, etc.) would never have made its present headway, my Soviet friends asserted, without artificial aid from West German concert organisations, radio networks, and gramophone companies. This music, I was told, uses 'terroristic methods'. An alleged physical attack made by rowdies on an elderly German professor who opposed such music was cited to me, in a serious musicological argument, as a point against the music itself!

Soviet music must be 'optimistic'. Sitting in the Moscow Conservatory with some professors discussing a student symphony, I heard one of them criticise it as 'pessimistic'. I asked for an amplification and was told: 'After the war such things were understandable. But this composer is a young man who never experienced the war. Why should he be pessimistic? We think it must be forced and imitated, not natural to him.' It is such dogmatists who, apparently, occupy the high places in the Moscow Conservatory and the Union of Soviet Composers; and the Union of Soviet Composers is consulted by the Moscow Philharmonic Organisation and by the State gramophone monopoly about which Soviet composers they should perform and record. The young composer can freely borrow scores or records of certain foreign 'modernist' works, and if he reads foreign languages he can read the case for twelve-note technique. (In Russian, he can read only the case against it.) But any chance of his own flirtation with such seductive art is evidently guarded against with vigilance by these Marxist duennas. The result is seen in such a score as the 28-year-old Rodion Shchedrin has composed for the new Bolshoi Ballet, *The Little Hump-Backed Horse*. It is cleverly varied and well orchestrated, with the outward novelty of a part for the 'clavioline', an electronic instru-



Stopping corrosion in tankers

In certain circumstances, oil can itself cause corrosion of metal. So oil's chemists evolve a paint to safeguard the tankers.


1 Oil Fuel Bunkers
2 Structural Arrangement Wing Cargo Compartment
3 Structural Arrangement Centre Cargo Compartment
4 Oil Cargo Compartment

If the oil products carried in tankers are not kept at the correct temperature, they can free bacteria which eat into the metal of the tanks. Until recently constant repainting and the replacement of costly heating systems was the only answer to this problem of corrosion.

SHELL Chemists, exploring the special properties of epoxy resins, have now formulated a new paint with exceptional adhesive and anti-corrosive properties. This reduces the cost of tanker maintenance by avoiding the replacement of heating coils and bottom plates. Chemists can solve such problems, and test their solutions, only in laboratories where modern equipment simulates industrial conditions of operation.

. . . this is the world of SHELL

SHELL INTERNATIONAL PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED · ST. HELEN'S COURT · LONDON EC3 ment brought to Russia from France. But in basic idiom it would have been modern if composed in 1910 along with Stravinsky's *The Firebird.*

Not, of course, that the freeze is as bad as in the dark days of the Zhdanov resolutions a dozen years ago. The most striking example of the change is that Prokofiev's final opera *The Story of a Real Man,* denounced as 'anti-melodious' and so forth in 1948 (and certainly lacking the breast-beating emotionalism of Soviet convention), is just this month being staged at last, at the Bolshoi Theatre.

The most significant 'opening' towards experiment in music seems to come, however, from the leading performers, conductors, and concert managements, whose attitude to *foreign* new music seems much less tied by dogma than the attitude of elderly theorists towards Soviet Russia's young composers. For instance, the gifted conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky (he will appear at this summer's Edinburgh Festival), told me he plans to perform Alban Berg's Violin Concerto in Russia (a twelve-note, hence theoretically 'decadent' work). He also admires Stravinsky's 1952 Septet and would like, as a pianist, to take part in a public performance. Stravinsky, incidentally, is quite wrong in having declared that Soviet Russia does not know his music. Not only are the pre-1917 works played. So is the 'Dumbarton Oaks' Concerto (1938); and the *Symphony in Three Movements* (1946) is to have a Moscow performance next season.

In other ways, too, musical life in Moscow is broadening its range. Old taboos are seemingly breaking down. Despite the traditional suspicion of religious texts (two choruses from Handel's *Messiah* are published in a Soviet edition with non-religious words), Brahms's *Requiem* is shortly to have what is announced as its first performance in Moscow – after 91 years. Musical performers from abroad are not obliged to conform to the Soviet line. Glenn Gould played Webern in Moscow; Aaron Copland presented his Piano Quartet; Isaac Stern, on his current tour, is including an item by the American modernist, Leon Kirchner. All this shows Russian audiences a type of musical radicalism which their own young composers do not touch.

Or do they? Just as, in a modern private Moscow flat, I was shown 'modern' Russian paintings which could not be shown in the public galleries where socialist realism reigns, so it seems fair to guess that some young Russian composers are quietly writing their serial compositions and discussing them with friends, after fulfilling their quotas of suites on Azerbaijanian folk-tunes. This would indeed parallel what we know to have happened in Poland. On being 'given their heads' in 1956, Polish composers unleashed a flood of music in the most advanced western styles. They had evidently been practising such styles for years in their back rooms, while the Soviet watch-dogmas were allowed to do all the barking at the front door.

The Leninist doctrine of art 'for the broad masses' may, in the abstract, command sympathy. Its moral force might provide a useful corrective to the inward-looking, novelty-chasing air of much new western music. But Soviet theoreticians continue to use the doctrine to sanctify a mere sterile conservatism.

One is tempted to postulate a conflict between the live realities of performance (stimulated by the increasing contact between Soviet travelling virtuosos and the whole world public) and the dead doctrines of the theoreticians. At present the situation is perhaps hardest for young composers, instructed from the top that in the march of world music only Ivan is in step.

Meanwhile there is something pathetic in the sight of Shostakovich boosting the official attitude by writing a routine musical comedy (*Moscow-Cheryomushki,* about the housing shortage). Pathetic, because the great popular hit in Moscow has not been *Moscow-Cheryomushki* but *My Fair Lady* – played by an American company in English in (of all places) the Red Army Central Theatre.

ARTHUR JACOBS

Selected Exhibitions

JAMES ENSOR (Marlborough): A centenary retrospective of the great Anglo-Belgian Symbolist and proto-expressionist. It shows that even before his work went into decline, around 1900, it didn't develop organically: one phase simply followed another. What gives the work its unity and its uniqueness has nothing to do with style but only with the expression without fear or reserve of a haunted and deeply individual personality. Ensor was much possessed by death and saw the skull beneath the skin, but I think his overwhelming obsession was a terrifying feeling of loneliness. I don't believe one is reading-in what one knows about his solitary way of life when one senses this in his early seascapes and still-lifes. There is a significant contrast between the way he dotes on his paint so long as he has his back turned on human existence and his summary handling when he turns round and submits to the horror of looking other people in the face – their mask *is* their face, there is no other face behind the mask – sees himself, dandified by Van Dyck beard and feathered hat, hemmed in by cruel idiot faces than can menace him without even noticing that he's in their midst. It's surely Goya who showed him how to make pictures of his terror – not Breughel and Bosch, as is often said. Ensor's fantastic paintings are not allegorical dramas disposed about a stage: like a Goya, the whole canvas is an indivisible and inexplicable metaphor, packed with forms that are direct embodiments of revulsion.

ROGER HILTON (Waddington): in style, typical examples of the new school of English painting, its feet in St Ives and eyes towards Manhattan – painting with a mid-Atlantic accent. Only, these paintings have, consistently, a rightness of scale which is one of the rarest qualities in English painting. At the same time, there's something utterly English in their twittering sort of sensibility. It's as if Hilton experienced the external world neither through his eyes nor through his hands but through antennae of extravagant length and with painfully nervous ends. The result when a landscape image is evoked can be unfortunately whimsical. *Desolate Beach,* for instance, seems to present a caricature of barbed wire. The really telling paintings are those in which there is an evocation of some queerly-shaped animate being, such as *Dark Continent* or *The Aral Sea.* For me, it's when these gentle monsters are brought in that Hilton's beautiful, highly sophisticated, colour has its greatest impact.

MICHAEL WISHART (Redfern): Romantic landscapes from France and Spain by a painter with the courage of his obsessions. He doesn't, for example, fall in with current prejudices about emphasising the flatness of the picture-surface, or mind using the lush, luminous sorts of blues and greens which might be thought rather sissy. He's also

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courageous in his unwillingness to rest upon a formula: one of the earlier works here, *Elba*, with its sweep of empty beach in the foreground, its bright straggly vegetation in the middle distance, its strip of sea beyond, creates an image, atmospheric, nostalgic, sauve, which would have served many respectable painters as the prototype for a whole roomful of pictures. All the same, in moving on, Wishart has produced an exhibition which is not quite convincing, and needs to be regarded as transitional. He's proceeded from his earlier combination of nervous lines and bland washes towards more solid forms. Only, he hasn't yet given these the density they need or the firmness of placing in space, so they look more turgid than tangible. There is one winner among the later paintings, however, *Seagull I*, which has the entire unexpectedness of a real moment of vision.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Aftermaths

COCTEAU has been an innovator, a fashionable one, whose artificialities have always made him open to ridicule; and now that he's getting on, abuse yaps at his heels. But that's not to say that he has not been truly a poet and also that less definable thing a fascinator. His understanding of poetry has always had more than a touch of Chan Canasta. He dazzles with a few absurd props; he brings it off; how does he do it? We have been lured as by some perfect sleight of hand or feat on the high wire. An impossible lightness, a transparent charm, together with the situation to curdle one's blood, have set him apart from contemporaries: and so far as publicity goes, he has no more dined off it than Epstein. His last film, then, should ideally have completed the flourish from *Sang d'un Poète* to the present; and that includes at least two masterpieces, *Les Parents Terribles* and *Orphée*. The fact that it does not, that it's rather a postscript, an entertainment of galvanic old age, is the more pity. Peter Pan's black-sheep brother must spin odd fantasies about death and immortality.

There are in *Le Testament d'Orfée* (International Film Theatre) some inspired moments and for the first time, thinking no doubt of posterity and of Picasso's personal appearances, the Master himself plays the leading role of the Poet. He is out of time, appears, disappears, gets killed more than once, and lopes away on his young-old shanks to another day. Distinguished figure, but little more. Is he arraigned before Minerva and another, condemned of innocence and of battering his head against the world's walls? Does an adopted son lure him among gipsies? Does he stalk about quays and the crypts of Les Baux, where black horse-headed guards await him? The twists and turns, under the shadowing of death, are ingenious, disturbing. A torn-up flower is brought back to wholeness; but too many such reversal tricks have made us languid. In a notable scene the spear pierces him through: we know, only too well, he will prance again. It is Cocteau doing his act, even if it is his last act.

If we wanted a parody of Tennessee Williams, where should we go but to Tennessee Williams? *Suddenly Last Summer* (Columbia) provides this, in a film-from-a-play that is all cats on hot roofs and hysteria whooped up, with a torch of anthropology for the kick. The fact that it has been done classily, with Hepburn as a courtly old demon and Elizabeth Taylor in danger of losing half her brain by operation, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz with slick over-emphasis, and offering the gimmick of a wide-screen flashback with the dreaming head still ghosting in the middle, does not make *Suddenly Last Summer* a notable film. It pretends to be drama, and obeys the trick rules of detective fiction; it sets out to be sensational, with carvings on the brain, plungings into lunatic wells, male and female homosexual display, and the final death-hunt and cannibalism as unforeseen titbits. The plot is so absurd that one couldn't seriously set it down on paper. Even a publicity-stunned audience stirred at times to laughter.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Lessons from the Barber

SELDOM can popular opinion have selected a more taxing favourite than Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*. The healthy arrogance of its demands on singer and producer makes almost every modern opera seem a featherbed for the technically deficient. At Covent Garden on Monday, hopes of spontaneous Rossini style on the stage lay dormant until the Rosina (Teresa Berganza) interpolated her first cadence to the Count's serenade. At those nine pianissimo notes, beautifully and wittily phrased, one relaxed, and looked forward. It did indeed prove to be a Rosina of high quality, worthy of the best achievements of the conductor (Carlo Maria Giulini) and counter-balancing a certain coarseness in the production. Despite some excellent singing by a fine cast, the total effect was peculiarly graceless. Played for laughs and not for music, the production achieved in the second act precisely what it deserved – sufficient sustained laughter to make the music virtually inaudible. When one considers what can be done dramatically with, for instance, 'Zitti, zitti' this easy clowning is both unmusical and untheatrical. It would not be good enough for Gilbert and Sullivan, and it is certainly not good enough for Rossini.

Rather similar observations might be made about the stage settings used at Covent Garden. But I would prefer to approach this problem obliquely. During the past few weeks the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne has held an exhibition of the work of Caspar Neher, who has been described with good reason as the greatest stage designer of our day. By some quirk of fate, or taste, very little of Neher's work has ever reached this country (none of it his best) and his vital importance as an innovator is quite unrecognised here. Yet his style – with its roots in Goya and Klee and the Orient, as much as in Bosch or Grosz – has the range and inclusiveness which is the only true qualification for 'international' status. By concentrating on the significant object and relating it scrupulously to the *idea* of the play or opera, he has blasted the dangerous concept of decor (*i.e.* decoration) and, incidentally, exposed by his 'abstracted' realism the foolish distinction between abstract and realistic stage design. *The Barber of Seville* is not, perhaps, a work that would have brought out what is most characteristic of Neher, but English opera design is sorely in need of a model. If Cologne's enthralling exhibition could be brought to England, its influence might, and should, be profound.

DAVID DREW

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STEEL—REPORT TO

The battle for exports: Steelmen optimistic

Last year, over *half* Britain's exports were steel or goods made from steel. So the steel industry has a vital part to play in our struggle to maintain —or improve—our share in the world's increasingly competitive export markets.

If past trends continue, the importance of steel in our exports is likely to grow even greater—particularly as a very large part of our steel exports represent *clear profit* in the import-export ledger.

PAID FOR 2½ TIMES OVER

As a result of its post-war development programme – which will have cost over £1,000 million by 1962 – Britain's steel industry needs only marginal imports of pig iron, scrap and steel. But in view of the limit to the supplies of scrap and to the reserves of home ore, it will become increasingly dependent on imported iron ore. Manganese ore and ferro-alloys have also to come from abroad. These imports cost about £100 million.

But this is more than paid for by *direct* exports of iron and steel alone – value £187 million – without taking into account the steel that is exported in manufactured goods – estimated value about £165 million.

Allowing a debit for our modest indirect imports of steel, the steel industry's overseas earnings are nearly 2½ times as great as its overseas payments.

WORLD-WIDE TREND

Until the 1914 war Britain prospered by exporting coal and cotton textiles. Increasing use of oil, and the development of textile industries abroad, reduced the demand for Britain's coal and cloth. Over the last 40 years we have had to make drastic changes in the whole structure of our export trade.

The shift has been to goods such as chemicals, machinery, ships, cars and other transport equipment – mainly *goods made from steel.*

STEEL AS STEEL

Steel exports as such have not increased nearly so steeply. To many newly independent countries the possession of a steel works, almost as much as an airline, is the status symbol of the nation which has arrived.

This means increasing competition in export markets. But exports to less developed countries will probably continue to rise. The type of steel exported to these countries, however, will probably change towards products which need for their manufacture the complex and costly plant found in more highly developed steel industries.

Britain should not find it difficult to hold her present share of world exports of steel, at least for the next five years.

World steel exports will probably be about 45 million tons in 1965: if Britain keeps her share of this total, her steel exports will rise by about 5½% annually – probably rather faster than other exports.

PRICES

British manufacturers of goods made from steel pay *less* for home-produced steel than their opposite numbers in America and Germany. This gives them an important advantage in the export markets.

The future will hold still greater opportunities for British exports, especially in the under-developed areas of the world. The successful exporters will be those who are ready to adapt themselves to changing needs and trends. In meeting the challenge of the 'sixties the steel industry has an essential role.

U.S. to get an eye-opening look at Britain's modern steel industry

New York in June. That's when Americans will be rolling up in their thousands at the British Exhibition in New York. And there they'll see an eye-opening display of what Britain's steel industry can do.

Britain led the world in creating plentiful low cost steel. It was an Englishman, Bessemer, who by inventing his "converter" turned steel from a rarity into an everyday necessity.

Another Englishman, Brearley, discovered stainless steel.

But the accent will be on the modern developments that are putting Britain right in the forefront of steelmaking progress.

One of the highlights of the Exhibition will be 'Ajax' – a new type of British steel furnace that is giving record outputs, 50% above normal.

New alloy steels have been developed for use in atomic reactors – including boron steel, which absorbs neutrons.

Visitors to the Exhibition will learn about some of the superb things made nowadays with British steel, from sports cars to radio telescopes and from precision tools to jet engines. The steel industry will show the vital contribution it is making to Britain's present-day prosperity.

Atomic reactor assembly at Dounreay, Scotland, described as "the most complicated stainless steel vessel ever made". This and other British steel triumphs will be featured at the British Exhibition, New York, in June.

THE NATION

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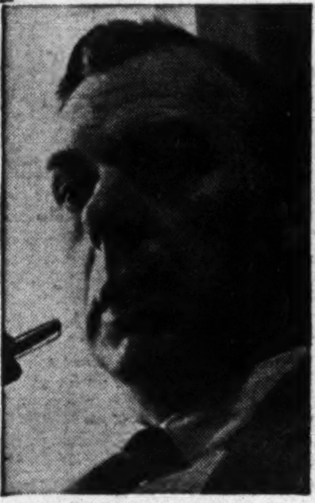
"In the end you're dependent on people"

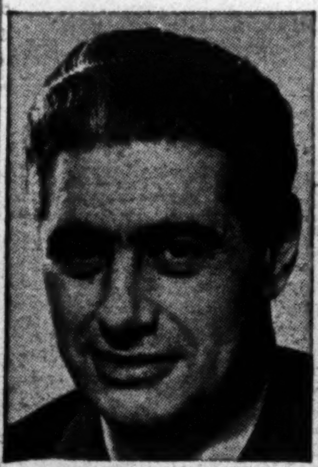


CAMPBELL ADAMSON, 37, was until March 1 General Manager of Richard Thomas & Baldwin's Redbourn Works at Scunthorpe. Came into steel in 1944, was made General Manager in 1957. Has now been appointed Director and Gen. Manager of the great new strip mill now building at Newport, Mon. Main problem there, he thinks, will be to build as good labour relations with 6,000 men as in much smaller Redbourn. Says, "It is impossible to run a works properly unless you're using the intelligence of every man in it."

JIMMY ROSE, 65, with two sons in steel, is Chairman of Redbourn's Works Delegates Committee. A Fitter by trade, he joined R.T.B. in 1934. Much of the credit for Redbourn's good labour record belongs to him and his committee (he has been Chairman about 15 years). It deals with any trouble a Union cannot solve domestically. "No matter what happens," says Mr. Rose, "we've a method of dealing with it amicably before trouble arises. To put it bluntly, there's more of a family relationship here."

DAVID BIRD, 45, General Manager of Iron and Steel at Stewarts and Lloyds, Corby, started in banking, soon realised this was not the career for him. After a time at Dorman Long, took Sheffield degree in metallurgy. Likes to get broadest possible background of information, is Fellow of the Institution of Metallurgists, holds diploma of British Institute of Management. Stresses modern management methods. "In the end you're dependent on people. You can only run a works of this size through co-operation."

PAT QUINN, 55, First Teemer on the Bessemer Converters at Stewarts and Lloyds, Corby, joined at 14 – so now has 41 years' service behind him. Of the old days he says, "It was all hard work and sweat. Men wore sweat towels and clogs. Now you go home much less tired – and a lot cleaner." Relaxation is golf. Has also found time, in the past, for a great deal of Trade Union work. But says, "We've never had a major dispute with the management, all the years I've been here. Everything was settled locally."



EDWARD JUDGE, 51, joint Managing Director of Dorman Long (Steel), Middlesbrough, originally wanted to build bridges. Left Cambridge with mechanical sciences degree, thought steel-making with Dorman Long would be "all right for a few months". Found it "fascinating", has been there ever since. Built Lackenby Universal Beam Mill – most up-to-date in world incorporating many new ideas. Says Steel offers tremendous scope for young men prepared to work really hard – mentally. Own career proves his point.

JOHN FINNEGAN, 55, blast furnace keeper at Dorman Long's Clay Lane plant, was born where the furnaces now stand. Did his first shift at 15. Looking back he says, "We did a 56-hour week. The sky was the roof. No matter what the weather, the furnaces had to be slagged and cast every 6 hours." Then, a blast furnace produced 100 tons a day. Now, 1,500 tons. A member of his Trade Union Lodge Committee, he says, "There's a great understanding between the management and the men. Nobody flies off the handle."

W. D. (BILL) PUGH, 55, son of Sir Arthur Pugh (late General Secretary of the steelworkers' Trade Union) went to Sheffield University, and in 1926 to Vickers Works (later English Steel Corporation Ltd.) joining the Research Dept. Since 1955 has been Managing Director of E.S.C. His time there marked by *growth* (he remembers their first 100 ton alloy ingot as a great event; 300 tons now not uncommon) and *diversification* (E.S.C. make some 150 'standard' kinds of steel for everything from cars to Nuclear Power).

JOE MIDDLETON, 58, and the son of a steel worker, was a variety entertainer (top-hat and tails) before joining English Steel Corporation in 1926. "I've never regretted it," he says. Started in the foundry and is now First Hand Melter in charge of an electric arc furnace, responsible for making steel exactly to specification. "It's creative," he says. "You've got a feeling you're doing something useful." "Progress," is how he sums up his time in E.S.C. – bigger and better plant, better working conditions.

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MICHAEL SCOTT
Film Show

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Church of England Primary School, Maxwell Road
27th May at 8.15 p.m.
'The H. Bomb, Yes or No?'
RONALD BELL, M.P., (Cons. South Bucks)
WILLIAM WARBEY, M.P. (Lab. Ashfield, Notts)

CARSHALTON
Public Hall
26th May at 8 p.m.
DIANA COLLINS
DR. HUGH GORDON
MISCHA GOLDMAN
Chairman: A. D. Firth

KINGSTON
Friends Meeting House
25th May at 8 p.m.
REV. FRANCIS NOBLE
GEORGE CLARK

Correspondence

DEATH ON THE ROADS

SIR – I have noted with interest your comment headed 'Death on the Roads.' As a Road Patrol I have ample time to observe this problem from the actual theatre of operations. The following are the conclusions I have arrived at and feel that they will have to be faced up to sooner or later.

The cause and prevention of accidents is not to be found so much in the conditions and constructions of roadways, in special devices or new regulations. It is essentially a human problem; of temperaments, personalities and split personalities, and if we turned the whole countryside into a network of motorways, with a dozen new Acts of Parliament, the human element would still prevail in keeping up the accident rate.

There are, I note, two distinct types of motorist, namely, the law abiding and the criminal. The first drives with care and with consideration for others, keeping to the letter of the Highway Code. He retains his normal good manners, giving way when necessary, and driving at a speed consistent with prevailing conditions; ready for any emergency.

The second type is the Jekyll and Hyde of motoring who, upon taking the wheel, sheds his normal personality. His good manners, keen sense of perception, caution and consideration for others, are gone and we have a potential killer drunk with a sense of power over others. Ignoring all rules and regulations; speeding through built up areas, quite oblivious to pedestrian crossings; suicidal passing. All in a frantic almost fanatical desire to *keep in front at all costs.*

Fortunately the first type make up the majority and any act of theirs would not cause an accident. Unfortunately, however, they have to meet up with the second type who, in his temporary madness and lust for precedence, cannot tolerate the steady pleasurable pace and must pass with gnashing and snarling grimaces. And accidents happen, with the attendant blood and fractured limbs; the deaths and attendant misery. It is part of my routine to attend to the injured and the dying and to note causes of accidents. After a time one instinctively forms an impression of the basic cause, common to all accidents with the exception of the few pure accidents. The human element prevails with its lack of decency, judgment, patience and tolerance towards others.

We are all in this together and must pull together in the knowledge that the solution lies with us, if we simply resolve to make every journey an example in immaculate driving, immaculate manners and tolerance towards others even to the extent of giving way to the poor deluded mad minority in their moments of impatience. And by example we learn.

If for example we *all* resolved not to exceed 30 mph for one week, the result would be most interesting, most interesting indeed. What a remarkable achievement, by self-discipline to bring down the accident figure to the irreducible minimum.

F. S. COLE

Llanrumney
Glamorgan

THE VOICE OF THE YOB

SIR, – Having read with much interest your article 'The Voice of The Yob', I would like to express my own feelings. I am a genuinely intelligent sixth former (according to what other people say about me). I do not, however, collect buses, signposts, or anything else; I do not learn intellectual phrases 'parrot-wise' – why should intellectualisms be condemned? Why should intellectuals be derided on the grounds that they imagine themselves superior? They are not necessarily so. Very many intellectuals are sensitive, far-sighted individuals conversant with everyday privation and misery, people who are trying through one medium or other, through material social work or poetry, music, art or any other form of self-expression, to instil in people forms of beauty and order, liberty, happiness and peace. Where, I should very much like to know, would we be without the many centuries of art, music and literature to lift us above animal mentality? Where would we be without a faith, a religion in which we can trust, a God whom we recognise as the finest poet in the world?

My second complaint is the coffee-bars. The writer of the article talks of 'commercialisation'. Coffee bars are the biggest load of commercial tripe that ever came to Britain along with effeminate Italian shoes (I am sure the chiropodists do a roaring trade). Soon the only thing left us in this country will be the language, and goodness knows that is mutilated enough on television, mainly commercial. Where does the interest lie in coffee bars, what stimulation is to be derived from hanging round one, doing precisely nothing? What sort of a contribution is this to society? If only 'yobs' would realise that, although a group of embittered adults appear to condemn all people under twenty for the crimes committed by a small percentage, most people are genuinely interested in law and order and would like to see young people helping each other and building a happy community. Clubs, young people's societies, and youth movements have this very aim in mind. Many young people seem to have no respect for authority and for this reason refuse to belong to something which entails 'knuckling under' to someone. They want to be free of all bonds and subsequently find themselves in difficult positions owing to lack of authority over them. If we respect authority and obey the better wisdoms of our elders we learn to respect ourselves and others. Many young people are often disappointed by older people and learn to distrust them. I have myself encountered apathy and complacency in adults and am duly disgusted. Apathy, to my mind, breeds ignorance. We must remember that our elders lived, as young people, in very bad times and are now gradually making the world a reasonably happy place for us young people. We owe them a great deal, and should be thankful that we are a civilised nation, well-fed, educated and, if we exert ourselves, well-amused.

JOHN FEAKINS

32 Barnham Road
Greenford
Middlesex

SIR, – I'd better get a last word in before I'm hunted down and coshed by countless prefects and juvenile bank clerks.

I'm not so utterly stupid as to despise any sixth former because he's an intellectual. In my opinion, lists of English kings and poems learned by heart do not make an intellectual, they make a person who can pass exams and get on in what Mr Footitt himself describes as a rat race. I have nothing but respect for a sixth former who can pass exams *and* be politically conscious and well read at the same time. What I like about coffee bar types is that they have rejected the twin cults of sport and patriotism that are so enforced at most schools. The sixth former I *don't* like is the type Colin Macinnes so aptly calls 'rugger bugger' – the big, bullying, over-hearty, overbearing schoolboy, possibly a Young Conservative, who is sport mad and looks down on everyone who isn't. Every sixth form seems to have a few of these and public schools produce little else. These characters end up in the army, the colonies, the police force, or even as PT masters, and heaven help the poor yobs who fall victim to them.

I'm also not so utterly stupid as to idolise the old fashioned Ted with his bicycle chain. But how many of them are there? The Ted mentality is fast becoming square, and where authentic Teds exist, in obscure coffee bar-less provinces.

and in the hideous wilderness of the North, they should be despised or pitied by every right minded teenager. As for teenage crime, in my opinion so many of the country's laws are insane, and so many policemen are biased against teenagers in general, that it's entirely a matter of chance who lands inside and who doesn't. And as to hobbies, well, there are hobbies and hobbies, and too many sixth formers and clerks seem pre-occupied with senseless, rather than creative, ones.

Coffee bar society is more or less classless, and a youth who enjoys jiving and smooching, and who wears a type of dress which seems fantastic to an adult, doesn't necessarily come from a broken home or a slum. American teenagers, to judge from the paperbacks, are quite different from British ones, what with taking drugs and above all with their organised gangs, complete with hired prostitutes, and their carefully planned gang fights. English teenagers seems to be looking more for their inspiration towards the Continent, especially Italy. To a teenager, nothing is squarer than an English working man, with his beer, pools and telly. When the current generation of teenagers grow up, we're going to have an entirely new kind of person, and I'm very encouraged by the fact that when coffee bar types start to take an interest in politics, they always steer straight for the Left.

What youth needs now is schools which are worth staying on till 16 at – just now most secondary modern schools are hardly worth going to at all, and no wonder the yobs want to leave. Co-educational comprehensive schools, run on the lines of a progressive school like Monkton Wyld in Dorset, would be ideal. Enlightened teachers would be needed to make the pupils take an interest in book learning, instead of having it crammed down their reluctant throats.

ROY KERRIDGE

58 Brunswick Square
Hove 2
Sussex

UNITY AMONG TEACHERS

SIR, – After agreeing with your views (which the NUT shares) on the desirability of achieving a united organisation to represent all teachers, Mr Furness proceeds to argue the impossibility of achieving such a goal. Apparently he believes no attempt should be made to achieve professional unity. But if he is at all concerned about the situation he describes – and the truth of his description one would very much question – his conclusion should be the opposite.

The chief reason why teachers cannot hope to achieve professional unity, he asserts, is because 'teaching is not a profession in the sense that the law and medicine are professions'. Surely the chief difference between teachers and doctors and lawyers is precisely that the latter are members of a united body able to speak with one voice and imposing a code observed by every member of the profession, and teachers are not. Such unity is a prerequisite of full professional status.

The 'heavy preponderance of women', Mr Furness then argues, renders false your analogy with railwaymen, doctors, dentists, etc. 'There is dissension . . . not only between the sexes, but latterly between primary and secondary school teachers over differentials. This is rich.' It is rich indeed. Nothing is more certain to perpetuate weakness and dissension than the continued division of teachers into competing organisations, and the fostering of conflict on sex lines, or between primary and secondary school teachers.

There are a variety of reasons why the NUT is determined to work for the establishment of an all-embracing professional organisation, not least that of increasing the negotiating power of teachers. But the size of the chip on Mr Furness's shoulder prevents him from seeing what the Union and its members have already achieved.

There is sufficient independent testimony to the successes of the NUT for me not to have to

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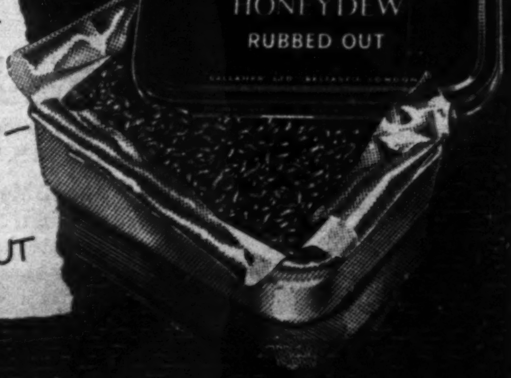

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argue the point with Mr Furness, and the outcome of such recent disputes as those concerning the Rochford Secondary School building, the Swansea bus dispute and the Barrow-in-Furness residence bar, speak for themselves.

If, however, the touchstone for Mr Furness is the result of Burnham negotiations, perhaps he would accept the verdict of a member of the Executive of the National Association of Schoolmasters who said last year: 'The salary campaign of 1956, which secured a rise of £175 on maximum, shows that cumbersome though the present Burnham machinery is, it can produce results in the hands of determined men . . .' The campaign referred to was led throughout by the NUT.

Fred Jarvis
Head of Publicity and
Public Relations Department

NUT
Hamilton House
WC1

THE GANDHI WAY

Sir, – When reading *The Gandhi Way* (New Statesman, 14 May) I gathered that Kingsley Martin was rather dubious of the practical results, and particularly the prospects of the remarkable Bhoodan campaign of Vinoba Bhave. Although he has had the opportunity of speaking to the leader, and of seeing some of the results, he has possibly missed the fundamental point of the land gift and gramdan system.

The chief critics of Bhoodan suggest that the reforms aimed at are of such dimensions that only the State, through its local agencies, and perhaps the aid of outside agencies is able to tackle them effectively. However efficient an all-out government assault on the problem of landlessness might be, it would necessarily have to be carried out in the teeth of opposition, leading to frustration, and perhaps local violence. Bhave and his dedicated followers on the other hand, are changing the minds of men. The appeal is moral and religious, and even if the immediate results are not as good as could be hoped for, there is reason to hope for the future. Would the present system of self government in our own country be workable if there had not been, in the last century, a crusade on the religious, moral, educational, and political fronts for a better code of values than the privilege of rotten boroughs on the one hand, and bleak industrial acquisitiveness on the other? Land reform by the agency of the State will be possible of success when men like Bhave have done their saintly best. It might, however, be unnecessary for any but the agricultural expert to intervene.

The literature of the Bhoodan Movement states explicitly that there is no reluctance on the part of its leaders to the entry of officialdom, especially in giving legal effect to the transfers of land, voluntarily made.

The choice before India is rather similar to that which confronted post-revolutionary Russia. There are at least two ways, either that of Stalin with the kulaks, or the way of Vinoba, with a respectful if rather bewildered government in the background. Which of these is preferred depends on one's own code of values, and estimate of the worth of every person.

Gwyn Illtyd Lewis

4 Townhill Road
Swansea

NEW DEAL IN CENTRAL AFRICA

Sir, – I found Mr Denis Grundy's review of *A New Deal in Central Africa*, edited by Colin Leys and Cranford Pratt, captious, inchoate, and ill-informed. Mr Grundy writes 'that it smells of the grave' because it does not mention events that have occurred since it went to press last September, such as the foundation of successors to the banned Congresses in the three territories, their effect on the Central Africa Party, Mr Macleod's and Lord Monckton's appointments, and Mr Macmillan's change of front. Any experienced reviewer should know that a book has to stop being written when it goes to press.

Mr Grundy suggests that Guy Clutton-Brock's account of his detention in Southern Rhodesia can have no current value because 'the ground has been traversed innumerable times.' I know of no published account of the emergency by any detainee excepting a page and a half in Mr Clutton-Brock's book *Dawn in Nyasaland*, and one article in the cyclostyled Salisbury broadsheet *Dissent* which is circulated privately. Mr Grundy should have known that the Southern Rhodesian emergency occurred in March 1959, not, as he clearly states, in 'early 1958.' Page 104 refers to the fight of the European Railway Union which he says is not mentioned. He calls it inaccurate to say that there are only two secondary schools in the Federation, and he is right. But the book nowhere says this. It says on page 177 that 'there are only two African secondary schools in the whole Federation . . . which can provide Africans with the necessary Cambridge Senior Certificate to meet the entrance requirements of the University College . . . There are other secondary schools . . . but these do not meet the required standards', and this is true.

Mr Grundy dismisses *A New Deal in Central Africa* as 'reasoning from past premises and stale statistics that the wind of change has blown away.' No one with any knowledge at all of the subject can possibly believe that the premises and statistics which applied to Central Africa in September 1959 are one whit less applicable in May 1960. Mr Grundy's temerity in taking on such old hands as Dr Chidzero (who has spent all his life there), Guy Clutton-Brock (who was arrested there in 1959 – not 1958 – after ten years residence), and the other contributors to this book, invites attack because he has not a single constructive idea to oppose to their mature judgments.

T. R. M. Creighton

The Warden's Lodge
St Patrick's Hall
University of Reading

DILEMMA IN SOMALILAND

Sir, – You say in your comments that 'there is a long history of disputes between the Somalis and the Ethiopians over the border lines between their territories'. What should be remembered is that this 'dispute' is the outcome of the effort of the forces of colonialism and fanaticism which aimed at exploiting artificial differences and at creating divisions for their own advantage. The forecast given in your columns of imminent danger of conflict and war in that area is most exaggerated. Ethiopia has shown her willingness to live in friendly neighbourhood with all countries around her, and the happy and cordial relations existing between Ethiopia and the Sudan should serve as an example of such good relations.

Your appeal for United Nations intervention has no justification under the circumstances. It would suffice for all concerned to live in accordance with the principles of the Charter. Then only can peace and stability be ensured in that part of Africa.

Abebe Kebede
Cultural and Acting Press Attaché
The Imperial Ethiopian Embassy
SW7

JOSEPH CONRAD

Sir, – I am editing a complete collection of the letters of Joseph Conrad. I would appreciate any information about unpublished letters belonging to libraries and individuals. Any material sent to me will be handled with the utmost care and promptly returned.

Frederick R. Karl

Department of English,
The City College of New York,
133rd Street & Convent Avenue,
New York 31.

DISCOVERY

The first two series of Granada's Television Programmes for Science Sixth Forms were so well received that a

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The first programme was on 12 May. Each programme will be shown three times.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Next of the Mohicans

In 1957 John Foster Dulles wrote an open letter to the New Statesman saying that the creed of the United States was based on the tenets of moral law and that this creed had always rejected war except in self-defence. To which Krushchev sent his well-known reply of embarrassing objections which began by asking 'What about the Indians?' Had the Russian leader been seeing Westerns on television or had he just heard of *The Last of the Mohicans*? After we read Mr Edmund Wilson's very curious *Apologies to the Iroquois*[*] it looks as though Mr Krushchev was, as usual, up to date in his information. We have not heard the last of the Mohicans; the Senecas, the Iroquois, the Mohawks, all the Indians of the United States and Canada have woken up. They have suddenly acquired something like a national consciousness. Young Indians are wearing the scalp lock, the strip of hair worn across the middle of a shaven head and ending in a lock at the back, intended with odd exaltation, in the heroic days, to make scalping easier for their enemies. It showed they were afraid of nothing. They are aware of the racial ferment going on in Africa and Asia. They brood upon their Mongolian origins and upon an old, prophetic myth concerning the coming struggle between the white, red and black serpents. Mad Bear, one of their leaders, has visited Fidel Castro. They hope that the Indian Confederacy will be heard in the United Nations. In the meantime they have been bringing complex land cases into the United States courts, defying eviction orders in certain places; in Canada, the Mounties were brought in to stop the Iroquois from starting their own police force and setting up a rudimentary state outside the allegiance to the Crown.

Like the rest of us, Mr Edmund Wilson believed that the Indians were no more than a passive and pathetic entertainment for the tourist, dividing their time between tame war dances, making bead slippers and drinking. A chance reading of a newspaper item led him to discover that he and ourselves were deluded. His book is one more of those pieces of research and detection which set him apart from all other American critics. He has his feet well planted in American life and is the richer for it.

The immediate cause of the rise of a national consciousness in the Indians contains an extraordinary paradox. For generations they have sat by and observed enormous engineering enterprises; first of all they watched the American bridges go up; then the skyscrapers, and nowadays things like the construction of the St Lawrence Seaway and the proposed Niagara dam. Some of these enterprises have led to the appropriation of portions of land which the Indians hold under treaties going back to the time of the Revolution. In the past they have parted with their land without effective protest and have received compensation either in money or land elsewhere. They have seen others become rich on what was by law and tradition theirs. Yet their sharpening interest in what is going on is due to a surprising part that some of them play in construction work. It turns out that they have a small but peculiar role in the steel construction industry itself. This is explained in a fascinating opening chapter of Mr Wilson's book contributed by Mr Mitchell, called 'The Mohawks in High Steel'. When the first railway bridge was built across the St Lawrence, the Indian idlers used to come and watch the operation. They watched thoughtfully and in silence. Presently the engineers were horrified to see Indians in ones and twos walking up the spars and beams of the bridge as nimbly as goats, unbothered by heights. These sightseers were nature's tight-rope walkers. The forest trackers who put one foot exactly in front of the other as they walked or ran, who were used to running across rivers on a single swaying pole, craved to work at the tops of high constructions.

They begged to be allowed to be riveters. Only a few were allowed at first, but when the collapse of a span drowned a large number of them in what is known as the St Lawrence disaster, there was a rush for the glory of a job so dangerous. All over the United States, travelling like hunters from job to job, going from one side of the country to another at once at the rumour of a new project, there are little squads of Indians working in high steel. Their ancestors returned from the hunt with furs; these return with dollars, television sets, cars. Preserving the beliefs, the clan life and something of the ancient culture of the race, they jump into their cars and attach themselves to the task of building a civilisation to which they are either indifferent or hostile, and by which they are unaffected. Some choose to live in neat, modern houses, and are as suburban as any other Americans, but most return to dilapidated shacks. They resume their matriarchal clan life but their insight into the paleface world sets them brooding on the fact that they were the original owners of land that is not for sale but sacred – – their mother.

It has been said of the Beat generation that it is a rebellion against the America of the corporations and against organisational man; the Indians are the real Beats. Their disaffiliation relies on traditions at least 200 years old. At the moment – we learn from Mr Wilson – the Moses Power Project at Niagara, which had expected to be able to acquire an area of Indian land for flooding at peremptory notice and at modest cost, has been held up by passive resistance against the police, by court action after civil action, and now faces a suit to the tune of millions of dollars in the Supreme Court. The situation is made more galling by the fact that the Indians are far more interested in the principle than in the money. They expect to deal as between nations. The idea may be fantastic and the Indian cause is full of absurd inconsistencies; but it is also split by Canadian and American differences; yet in Niagara, their stand has had the effect of awakening the white population to the dangers of letting huge construction enterprises do what they like without some inspection or control.

Mr Wilson was astonished to discover that there were 20,000 Iroquois in New York State and Canada, that most of the old generation could not speak English, and that among the young few speak it fluently. The Indian blood is often very mixed. The English-speakers often have an English accent and idiom which dates back to the time they fought beside the British in the Revolution – mainly because of their hatred of the French Canadians who, to this day, treat them with contempt as I remember seeing for myself in Canadian lumber camps when I was young. Many are Catholics, many are Protestants, many are described as 'pagans'. The religious question has become important, for behind the political revival is a religious one. In the past many of the Indians lived in a 'long house culture' – it recalls that of New Guinea – and 'the long house' has been revived though now only as a place for Indian meetings and ceremonies. There is a 'long house' religion which harks back to an eighteenth-century religious leader, Handsome Lake, who was influenced by the Quakers. His teachings owed much to the doctrine of the Inner Light, and were directed, on the practical side, to rescuing the Indians from their chief vice and source of misery: drinking. It appears that long house religion, as it is called, is now growing among the Catholic Indians, causing as much alarm to the Church as Macumba does in Brazil. Long house religion appears to be more prosaic.

At first the older generation in the Indian communities kept Mr Wilson out; but, eventually, the younger political leaders prevailed and he was able to go to many Indian council meetings, feasts and dances. There is a long account of the New Year's ceremonies among the Seneca Indians (who are reputed to be the most advanced and most solid of the Five Nations) which is of great anthropological interest. Part of the performance is evidently Indian satire at the expense of the white man and his view of the redskin, but it is interrupted by a frightening incursion of two extraordinary sets of masks; the Husk Faces and the False Faces. The latter are evil and clownish grotesques who come crawling in on hands and knees, making a loud nasal grunting. They have curative powers and patients apply to them to be rubbed all over with hot ashes from the stove. The next day doctors and patients appear covered in bandages which, by convention, no one mentions! The infuriating thing in these ceremonies is that the children are running wild throughout them. A good many of the homilies addressed to the crowd are directed at the behaviour of the children. Mr

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[*] *Apologies to the Iroquois.* By Edmund Wilson. With a study of *The Mohawks in High Steel.* By Joseph Mitchell. *W. H. Allen.* 36s.

Bang! Bang!

From time to time somebody explodes on paper against newspaper critics and criticism; almost always an offended writer, painter, film director or other vulnerable creator. This battle is historic, perpetual and bloody—sometimes literally so—like the Wars of the Roses and the War of the Sexes.

Perfectly natural and absolutely excellent. It releases adrenalin and teaches the critics a lesson . . . Whenever the running fight breaks out anew my *first* instinct, I must say, is to side with the artist against the professional marksman—though with melancholy, for it is like watching a duel between an eager young lover and a cruel Sir Jasper.

But first sympathies tend to wilt a bit when the first furious shots have been fired. Sir Jasper, as often as not, is seen to be aiming at his opponent's legs. And the offended painter, novelist or singer, skipping frantically to and fro, makes perhaps such extravagant claims for his sanctity as an artist that we suddenly realise that the critic can be an artist, too—with duties to his public which are not simply those of a reverent thumb index.

Who, seriously, denies that? Do all the readers of The Observer, for instance (would you?) regard its critical pages as a Baedeker to the books they intend to read, the plays they ought to see? If so, then half the thinking world is a better man than me. I read reviews to know what's going on, to show some spark of consciousness among daunting strangers and at home . . . and for the sheer happy hell of it.

Take Maurice Richardson, watching and commenting on the T.V. screen. Is he unfair? Sometimes, inevitably. But do not the involutions of his mind and the flicker of his wit give far more to the enjoyment of television than ever they take away? A. Alvarez, potshotting at poetry behind his blank, bland initial—you or I may not agree with his view of Yeats, but we must read him. C. A. Lejeune with her real and human understanding; Philip Toynbee with his deep, bass prose; the perceptive John Davenport on novels . . . Peter Heyworth on music—"every observation sensitive and telling" says that celebrated critic-whacker Walter Legge of The Philharmonia.

No room or time for more. But next Sunday, all the room and time in the world—if you're taking The Observer.

J.B.L.

Wilson had gout at the time and it rather got on his nerves.

The events of these ceremonies are known collectively as 'the doin's'! Mr Wilson vainly waited for the dream-guessers to arrive. In the past, the Indians paid total respect to dreams; what a man dreamed, he was in duty bound to enact the following day. Some dreams would obviously be deadly or embarrassing – dreams, for example, that you are being tied to a stake and burned alive – and symbolic alternatives had ingeniously to be found. There was also a sort of All Fools Day custom of rushing round the streets, stopping people and making them guess your dreams: evidently a form of pre-Freudian purgation. Dream-guessing has now degenerated into a game.

Mr Wilson calls his book an apology because, he says, like other Americans, he was totally ignorant about Indian life. He had known about it only by the Indian which the white man has invented in his own image. His protest and his documentation are deeply interesting. They led him to discover the variety of Indian life. Much of it is debased and dying. Many Indians have been assimilated. But many are distinguished academically. Many are celebrated in sport. Many would pass as ordinary citizens anywhere and live very conventional urban lives. But (he noted) on the question of Indian customs and traditions, they suddenly darken and become silent – even the most sophisticated of them. Something in them resists the American way of life, even though they may be serving in the American forces, working their land or lightly strolling on a steel girder 80 floors up and pocketing fat wads of dollars. The Iroquois resurgence has gathered power because of 'the gluttonous inroads on tribal property . . . by State and Federal projects'. Mr Wilson thinks that for whites and Indians this is one of the principal problems of American life and that, in handing our societies nowadays over to technicians and engineers, we are as foolish as the man who introduces beavers into his woods. With their terrible compulsive dam-building activity, they will destroy everything worth having. Incidentally these last pages on the habits of the beaver are among Mr Wilson's best and have a characteristically native touch which has made him one of the few American writers who tell us what America really looks like and, with passionate concern and a scholarly care for detail, what really goes on day by day and is living history.

V. S. Pritchett

August at Home

How rich the elms, and large, and summer-sad,
My childhood's trees;
I thought of them as people, when I had
No words for them like these.

I know their presence, and I go my ways,
I know their dreaming mood,
These heavy trees are part of all my days.
Like sleep they are, and food.

Frances Cornford

The Cost of Loving

Suddenly it seemed all his clocks said midnight:
Tears her death summoned dismissed strict logic.
When she died my friend who watched by her
Was still constrained by her surviving magic.

There was no sun at her funeral: it was winter
When her winter seized her. Trees' heads, bared
Like her mourners', or teeth, stood in a hard landscape.
The land had cooled slowly as her slow blood soured.

She has her rest; and her rest is simple.
But he, blind as pennies and turning from
The unquiet silence of her dying chamber,
Faces the horror of another, empty room.

He will move in silence through their halved house,
And realise the measure of contentment they had;
Will know like Pericles in his bearding winters
The inevitable irony of the double bed.

Keith Waddams

People at War

The War 1939-1945. Edited by Desmond Flower and James Reeves. *Cassell.* 50*s.*

The second world war came to an end a decade and a half ago, and there is a new and influential generation to whom it is a matter only of old soldiers' tales. There are, for instance, officers now commanding battalions or ships who were still schoolboys when it finished, and it is possible to be a graduate of a university without having been old enough to read or write on VE Day. Moreover, the volume of water that has flowed under the bridge – and its murkiness – might lead one to assume that the events of the early Forties were by now a matter primarily of antiquarian interest. But this is not the case, for publishers do not commission or produce books unless they judge there is a public demand for them, and the tide of volumes on 'The War' still rolls relentlessly to the sea. Who reads them I have no idea, but I suspect that it is not the younger generation (any more than my own, the Spanish Civil War generation, was interested in Flanders), but those over middle age who are confused and terrified by the new world of nuclear weapons and missiles, and yearn for the simplicities of a dimension of human conflict which is within their comprehension and their memory.

Perhaps this huge volume of over a thousand pages will prove the war book to end war books, for, as its authors rightly claim, it is a microcosm of the first conflict in human history that can truly be called 'global'. By a remarkable piece of editing, Messrs Flower and Reeves have constructed a continuous narrative consisting of eye-witness accounts, British, American, Commonwealth, German, Italian, Japanese, of every phase and aspect of the war from the invasion of Poland to the surrender of Japan. They are drawn from every level, senior commanders, private soldiers, statesmen and ordinary civilians. It is not a history, for it is concerned not with why or how battles were won or lost, but how they felt to the participants. Being no more than a huge scrapbook, it can do little to illuminate one's understanding of the unsolved questions and conflicts concerning the higher direction of the war on either side. Yet by setting the views of opposing commanders or more humble adversaries side by side – Auchinleck and Rommel. for instance, in the Western Desert – it does in places provide new insights into familiar stories.

The most interesting contributions are on the whole those by civilians describing the tedium of the blitz, the grisly tragedy of the Guards Chapel or a hundred other occasions – to say nothing of Hiroshima – for this was a war in which the civilians, British, German, Russian and Japanese, bore the brunt of suffering.

'In compiling this book,' say the authors, 'we have paid our respects to military prowess – the action of the professional soldiers who have triumphed with all the skill to which their lives have been devoted; but the victims of any war are the people, people in uniform, people out of uniform, people fighting, people fleeing. There will be nowhere to flee to next time, so this book offers a record of what may be the last of its kind; for better or for worse.' Certainly, one real usefulness of such a book is to remind those whose scale of values may become distorted by the even greater horrors of nuclear war, how grim a thing conventional war in our century can be.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

Herpetologist

Snake Man: The Story of C. J. P. Ionides. By ALAN WYKES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

There are not many herpetologists in the world: it seems to require a special and peculiar temperament to be able to dedicate oneself to snakes. Many are dangerous, but that is not the difficulty; human beings have a horror of the serpent which goes back much further in time than the Garden of Eden, and makes them (often so strangely beautiful and always mysterious) a rare and unpopular study.

What sort of temperament does it take? C. J. P. Ionides is a great field naturalist who in middle age, partly because of a thrombosis which cut short his career as a big-game hunter, partly through a late-discovered empathy, has so specialised in the study and capture of snakes that he has become one of the world's greatest authorities. It is a strange career, and he is a strange man. An original, a natural anarchist. If he were a writer, and could tell us what he has experienced, and knows, he could have given us one of the most fascinating books of our time. He is not a writer, but a remarkable and voluble talker, and Alan Wykes's account of him is the nearest we shall get to self-revelation.

The experience which turned him from a tropical naturalist and big-game hunter into a 'snake man' would have curdled the blood of most of us and makes traumatic reading, but since it is told in Ionides's words it is also moving, convincing and understandable. He was sitting in the dark one night in an outside lavatory in Liwale, Tanganyika, when he caught a sound which suggested the presence of a big snake.

> I was familiar with most of the scuttlings and rustlings that went on in there, but this was an altogether different sound – very faint, slow, and in some curious way abrasive . . . I listened very hard and felt sure that the snake was only a few inches away from me; and this apprehension was justified a few seconds later when I felt a minute tickling on my bare thigh and realised that the snake was using his forked tongue, as they often do, as an antenna, and that he would have to decide whether to slide over me or round me.

The snake decided to traverse, and Ionides sat still. 'The contact of his flesh on mine was, in a way, reassuring . . . I could enjoy that contact of the flesh and use the pleasure as a kind of counterbalance to my fear'. The passage was calmly made, and when at last he could fetch a light Ionides was pleased and surprised ' to find that the snake, which I now saw to be coiled up neatly on the seat, was a quite splendid black mamba.'

The man who can summon such courage and control in a nightmare must be born with phenomenal sympathy with animals. Ionides has more than this: he is not interested in human beings, finds civilised life distasteful, and in human terms is what botanists aptly call a 'garden-escape'. An intractable rebel at school (the beatings he took with a sneer are a legend at Rugby), a soldier who used the army as the cheapest way of getting out to Africa, an ivory-poacher who eventually turned game warden because it suited his convenience, he has lived the life he likes with ruthless concentration and without making the smallest concession to convention or authority. The quality to which he himself attributes his success is 'general bloody-mindedness'.

A graphologist whom Alan Wykes consulted before tackling Ionides in person judged from his handwriting that he was 'cultured, gregarious, ruthless, powerfully willed, courageous and vindictive'. The diagnosis was exact. He has solaced his years in the bush with the study of history; though a lifelong solitary he loves company and talk; he is a brutal disciplinarian whom natives respect and fear; and instead of the milk of human kindness he seems to secrete an amusing and spritely venom. Yet he is obviously an endearing character, and Alan Wykes's book is full of affection, like a boy's account of some fearful 'card' at school. It is rare to find a man so all-of-a-piece, so concentrated, without affectation or pretence; impossible to imagine him in any sphere but the remote, esoteric, inhuman one he inhabits.

MARGARET LANE

Philosopher of Reaction

The Life and Opinions of T. E. Hulme. By A. R. JONES. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

T. E. Hulme was not an entirely attractive personality. A taste for violence, praise of war, an attitude to women which combined an idealisation of the place of the middle-class woman in the middle-class home with sexual promiscuity where women 'of the shop-girl class' were concerned: these suggest the worst. Yet Hulme certainly attracted some of the most perceptive and gifted of his contemporaries. The romantic Fabian, A. R. Orage, joined with the future Falangist, Ramiro de Maetzu, in admiring Hulme. Mr Alun R. Jones's comprehensive new biography brings out sharply the extent of Hulme's influence. Yet it was not his own thought which was influential. He was a purveyor of other men's doctrines. Bergson and G. E. Moore in philosophy, Sorel in politics, Worr-

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inger in art, these are the sources. What Hulme supplied was the mixture.

The mixture is best defined by what it was against. It was against bourgeois democracy, romanticism, the belief in progress and evolution. We can see how it is the interconnections which Hulme supplies if we consider that Worringer is not an obviously anti-democratic writer or G. E. Moore an obvious anti-romantic, while Bergson supposed on what seem strong grounds that his own philosophy was an evolutionary one. The watchwords of the mixture are order, authority and rationalism. 'To accuse Hulme of being a fascist, however, is not only unjust but anachronistic', writes Mr Jones. I am not so sure. If we take, as too many writers on the Left have done, Nazism as the prototype of Fascism, then of course Mr Jones is right. But my hunch is that in perspective Nazism will stand out as an exceptional phenomenon. The reason for the capitalist retreat to arms, call it Fascism or perhaps preferably Bonapartism or what you will, is a seedy authoritarianism which licenses sadism and glorifies military strength. Mussolini, Franco and de Gaulle belong together in a way in which Hitler does not belong with them. There is a persistent smell of clericalism about this type of regime. It is clearly the state to which West Germany aspires.

When Hulme claimed 'I am more than a conservative, I am a reactionary' I think that he anticipated Gentile and Malraux, who are perhaps the outstanding Bonaparte intellectuals. He notably anticipated and influenced Mr Eliot. But it would be a pity to write Hulme off on such grounds. He is important as a representative of the generation who liberated themselves from mechanical materialism. Bergson performed this task for others as well as Hulme. And Hulme saw through mechanical materialism partly because of his genuine flair for discussing art. Hulme is a standing example of a thinker who sacrificed a variety of insights to the frozen unity of an ideology. His conclusions are almost always wrong. The premises from which he reaches them are often true and important.

Mr Jones's book makes it unnecessary to write biographically about Hulme any more. It is overshadowed by Michael Roberts's much more interesting commentary. But we can now be as sure as one ever can be of such things that there is no more evidence to come in. In this case, at least, a 25s life will tell you all the facts.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Janet Adam Smith writes
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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Warriors at Sea

John Paul Jones. BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. *Faber.* 25s.

The Brethren of the Coast. BY PETER K. KEMP and CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Heinemann.* 21s.

John Paul Jones was the son of a Scottish gardener, went to sea at the age of 13 and eventually became the ablest commander in the embryonic American navy at the time of the War of Independence. This dashing social upstart, aspiring to a plantation in Virginia and a rich marriage (he achieved neither) found himself a hero, decorated by Louis XVI, applauded at the Opéra and the Comédie Italienne, adored by aristocratic French mistresses. Although he ended up in the service of Catherine II, romantic novelists were cheated and the virile sailor was not impressed into the Empress's highly organised sexual service. It is scarcely surprising that Jones should have inspired works by Dumas, Melville, Kipling and Thackeray, besides a bevy of biographers, few of them objective.

The spirit of John Paul Jones, Admiral Morison tells us in his excellent biography, has inspired the American navy ever since. He writes with such scholarly regard for the facts, with such muted eloquence, that at first the innocent reader is lulled into accepting the pretensions he makes on behalf of his hero. Yet at the end of 400 absorbing pages, one may well ask: who was this guy Jones? His reputation merely rests on his audacious attack on St Mary's Isle in 1778, his appearance in the Firth of Forth the following year and his magnificent dog-fight with the *Serapis* off Flamborough Head.

But does this justify Admiral Morison's comparison of Jones with Nelson? Apart from the Russian squadron in the Liman he never commanded a fleet. It is, of course, true, as Admiral Morison stresses, that a commander in so small a navy as the American has opportunities only for commerce destruction and single ship actions. But the evidence does not support the contention that, given the opportunities, Jones would have matched Nelson's qualities. He did not, like Nelson, arouse the enthusiastic loyalty of his men, and he constantly offended his officers by unpredictable outbursts of temper, a fault likely to prove fatal to harmonious discipline in a major sea battle. Nor does it seem fair to equate Nelson's passion for Emma with Jones's callous run through a host of women whose social position might improve his career, women he easily cast aside when they were no longer of use.

Admiral Morison's book would not justify its length were it merely a biography of Jones. It is more than that, amounting to a fascinating and detailed study of the difficulties of forming a continental navy, the arts of eighteenth-century navigation and warfare and the economics of life at sea.

The Brethren of the Coast, dealing with French and British buccaneers in the South Seas in the 17th and 18th centuries, suffers from the broad nature of its subject matter. We may tremble at the image of the Dutch pirate Rock Braziliano who had as much hair on his chest as a bear, and it is instructive to read how the tough sadist Henry Morgan, whose men stretched the limbs of their prisoners with cords and put burning matches between the fingers, later rose to the status of Admiral, JP, and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court. But in the early chapters of this book Lt Commander Kemp and Professor Lloyd have given us little more than a tedious repetition of spying sails on the horizon, giving chase, boardings, lootings, sinkings – a succession of anecdotes loosely strung together. Only those with salt water in their veins can be expected to respond.

More interesting are the later pages dealing with Dampier's voyages round the world, his description of the aborigines, and the story of Alexander Selkirk, who spent four years alone on Juan Fernandez. These were the adventures which inspired the novels of Swift and Defoe: the novels win every time.

DAVID CAUTE

Taxing the Patience

The Law and the Profits. BY C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON. *Murray.* 15s.

Parkinson's argument can be summarised as follows. First, excessive taxation produces moral and material ruin, catastrophe and the end of empire. Second, Britain is excessively taxed. Third, taxes will always be spent up to the limit of revenue, mostly on bureaucracy. Do these propositions fill a book? No; but according to Hobsbawm's First Law the work of successful authors always expands to book-length. In other words Parkinson pads, in this instance with some history about which the less said the better, some facts about our public accounts and government departments, a little elementary information about tax-dodging and some jokes. The result is a book of quite startling badness.

Except for pedagogic purposes it is unnecessary to list, let alone to analyse, all its intellectual muddles, of which the most obvious is the author's failure to distinguish between the argument against high taxation (*i.e.* taxes which discourage private enterprise) and that against bureaucracy (*i.e.* the waste of public money). For (*a*) the waste of money may be perfectly tolerable if we are rich enough and (*b*) it is simply not true that high taxes are spent chiefly on more bureaucracy, about which Parkinson feels as cardinals do about birth control. They are swallowed by the extremely expensive things on which modern governments, as distinct from Victorian ones, spend money. Though Parkinson is right to say that all these without exception are wastefully administered, they would, even if run with perfect economy, still cost enough to turn the hair of Gladstonian financiers white in a night. The author's argument against bureaucracy is therefore largely irrelevant to his contention that high taxes sap private enterprise, and would be perfectly acceptable to so un-Cobdenlike a figure as Mr Krushchev. At times, indeed, Parkinson even sounds like a plea for efficient as against inefficient bureaucracy, though this is plainly not his intention. One need hardly add that the contention that high taxes destroy private business is, as presented here, little more than an assertion.

However, it is hardly worth taking seriously an author who observes, at the end of a decade that has produced more private enterprise masonry than any in living memory and driven the price of paintings into outer space, that 'tax incidence . . . gives us a dwindling support for architecture, sculpture and painting'; or who deplores the withdrawal of good graduates from business at the very moment when British business need no longer rely on, or no longer demands, only those graduates who cannot make the grade as dons or civil servants. It would even be unfair to take him seriously. It is a well-known fact that men in front of income tax forms lose their reason. They ought not to be judged by what they write in this emotionally wearing posture.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Peoples and Unpeoples

The Soviet Deportation of Nationalities. By ROBERT CONQUEST. *Macmillan*. 30*s*.

This is an able, well-written and hard-hitting account of the deportation from their homelands of the Volga Germans, the Karachai, the Kalmyks, the Chechens and Ingushi, the Balkars and the Crimean Tartars. Mr Conquest gives a brief sketch of the background of these various peoples and of the circumstances of their incorporation into the Russian Empire, but most of his book is taken up with official Soviet pronouncements relevant to the actual deportations. He has taken considerable care –

> to assemble all the documentary evidence that can be thought of as essential and much that is simply illustrative as well. The events, and the official explanations of them, are so extraordinary that it seems to the writer that the story becomes more rather than less dramatic by being presented so largely through the hard officialese of decrees and articles.

The Volga Germans were deported in the early autumn of 1941; the other peoples between October 1943 and June 1944. About the latter no announcement was made at the time, but in June 1946 there was published the decree providing for the abolition of the Chechen-Ingush and Crimean Tartar ASSRs and for the resettlement of their inhabitants. Krushchev's secret speech in February 1956 made the admission that some injustice had been done. In January 1957 decrees of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet restored the national autonomy of the Balkars, Chechens and Ingushi, Kalmyks and Karachai. The Volga Germans and the Crimean Tartars continue, apparently, to remain 'unpeoples'.

Mr Conquest devotes one chapter to unofficial information on the deportations reaching the West from defectors and others; this, though naturally treated with reserve at the time, tallies closely with what was later revealed in the official pronouncements which are the author's main concern. Particularly striking are the inconsistencies between relevant articles in the first and second editions of the Great Soviet Encyclopedia; and the grotesque similarity of Soviet propaganda pictures of the happiness of the peoples concerned before and after their national tragedies.

DAVID FOOTMAN

Desperate Honesty

Dante Called You Beatrice. By PAUL POTTS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 21*s*.

A dominant theme in this autobiographical meditation is Mr Potts's deep emotional attachment to the Jews and their history. Without being a Christian, he loves Christ as the greatest man of all time, never for a moment forgets that He was a Jew, never for a moment doubts that the finest gestures of human love – such as that of Enso Sereni, who landed his plane on the courtyard of Belsen and voluntarily joined the queue for the gas-chambers, in order to die with the people he could do nothing to save – were made by Jews. Sharing, in a less fevered way, many of Mr Potts's feelings about the Jews, I start with a non-literary prejudice in favour of this book. However, it would be dishonest not to say that, in everyday terms, Paul Potts writes very badly indeed. While he is complaining, with the desperate honesty that gives this book all its value, that he cannot 'breed one work that wakes' (Hopkins, not Potts), while he is despairing that literary editors will not employ him, publishers publish him, critics review him, he is doing so in prose which has such a disastrous lack of balance, such unsure grammar, such horrible punctuation, that one wonders how he ever got any literary work at all. Mr Potts is now not far short of fifty: he has had time to learn, if ever he were going to, but he has an incurable disease: a defective ear for the rhythms of his own prose.

But Paul Potts is a writer blessed or cursed with more love than the world can easily use, burning to use his pen to combat

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the world's cruelties, to pin down and destroy the world's lies. What can a romantic idealist do if he cannot write well, is a hopeless soldier, no leader, a difficult man to know? His life is a succession of failures, of promise without performance, of love without consummation; but from the bitterness of disappointment there comes, if he has any humility in his soul, a relationship with truth that is probably deeper than that struck up by more talented men. And then, as he approaches fifty, he can write his *apologia pro vita sua*, and it may have a quality that journeyman works never attain.

JEREMY BROOKS

Ease, Balance, Strain

Collected Poems. BY LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber*. 21*s*.

Collected Poems. BY WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape*. 18*s*.

Oddments, Inklings, Omens, Moments. BY ALASTAIR REID. *Dent*. 15*s*.

Begging the Dialect. BY ROBIN SKELTON. *Oxford*. 15*s*.

Christ in London. BY PATRICK GALVIN. *Linden Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Unlooked-for Season. BY JENNY JOSEPH. *Scorpion Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

A Family Affair. BY EDWIN BROCK. *Scorpion Press*. 6*s*.

Lawrence Durrell is one of those poets who benefit by being collected. *The Selected Poems* of a few years ago was inadequate, and it is only by reading the new *Collected Poems* that one can attempt to define his quality. He has a poem on style in which one of the comparisons is to the cut of a sharp knife: 'Not to be felt till later,/Turning away, to notice the thread/Of blood from its unfelt stroke.' Reading Durrell is like that, except that sometimes one isn't cut, and then the experience is so tenuous that it is hard to be sure that one has been reading at all. These poems have images which seem violent or at least unusual, but the effect is neither of strain nor of a transfiguring genius; the effect is of consistent, though usually slight, pleasure. Yet his slightness is made more substantial by the sheer quantity of his inventions.

His ear is mellifluous, but it is largely limited to the mellifluous. There is occasional sentimentality in these poems, but usually his theme – his 'sensuality enjoyed without aversion/Or regret' – is handled cleanly. His sexuality is not an excuse for dwelling on sin (unlike the contemporary poet who is reported to have announced: 'She's pregnant! That will teach her to sin with *me*!') but is wholeheartedly what it is. Two of the best poems here are 'On Seeming to Presume' and 'Je est un Autre'. Here Durrell shows a strong sense of alienation, yet surprisingly we do not find these poems distinct in their feeling from the descriptions of landscape and the anecdotes of persons. It is easy enough to say that Durrell is not a major poet, or ever likely to be one. He lacks the profundity of a Muir or the intelligence of an Auden, and he is no formal innovator. His minority can perhaps be seen in his very consistency. One type of diction dominates the ballads, the love poems, the places, and the people which make up this pleasant collection.

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William Plomer's *Collected Poems* is pleasurable in part, but it is not so consistent. It will appeal to a different sort of reader, perhaps one who is more accustomed to prose than to poetry. Plomer seldom pleases by the apt metaphor or the striking line; he pleases by the appropriate event or the accurate detail. I am afraid that his metre often makes me twitch. When he writes freely, I have no quarrel with him, but again and again he uses a tight stanza and then omits or adds feet at his convenience. I continually feel that I am walking downstairs in the dark, and miscounting the number of steps. Tight metres and rhyme take their toll of diction too, for otherwise I doubt that Mr Plomer would ever write the sentence, 'How/Can ever these messages by us be read?' In fact, the sense of carelessness runs throughout the book, and many a good beginning is foiled by an unfinished, or inappropriate ending.

When it succeeds, as in 'Archaic Apollo,' 'The Playboy of the Demi-World', and 'The Caledonian Market,' it is a poetry of lucky shots. It may not feel like *art* but it often feels nice. It is true that the ugly shadow of Betjeman looms over 'The Naiad of Ostend' and 'Anglo-Swiss'; these are narratives whose only charm is period. But in general, Plomer's simple stories and character sketches are better than Betjeman's; they may have the clarity and accuracy of a popular poet, but they have an intelligence which is likely to make them more durable. They are also, sometimes, terribly funny.

I do not have space to do anyone justice. Alastair Reid's *Oddments, Inklings, Omens, Moments* is much more serious than it looks. There is not a mis-step in it, and my metaphor (though dead) is precise, because Reid's interior subject-matter is really movement. His poems say nearly nothing, do nearly nothing – but they achieve a balanced form which is positively muscular. One can only question whether, though a poem may imitate the dance, we might not demand from it a content different from a dance's. But this is not to dismiss a subtle and well-made book.

Robin Skelton's *Begging the Dialect* is his third book; *Patmos*, the first, seemed to me one of the poorest books of verse of the Fifties; *Third Day Lucky* was an improvement, and the new book is considerably better still. There are already four or five poems here which are quite fine, notably 'John Arthur'. But the book is 95 pages long, written, a note tells us, in less than two years, and the pages are dense with print. I am afraid it is a matter of *talk, talk talk*. The best poems are written in a common speech, but in most of them we have echoes. Here is Frost and here Graves, but most of the time, disastrously in the ambitious ballad sequence, we have Yeats. So the poetry which has tried to become common speech has ended again as the language of the library.

Patrick Galvin's *Christ in London* is a second book, and it is not an advance. The emotions are terribly strained. The whole book is a monument to the pathetic fallacy, with its 'angry birds', 'grieving rocks', and 'bitter tides'. On the first page the artificial violence, half muscle and half book-learning, is announced in the phrase: 'famine raged across the land'. Whatever is *true* in these poems – and it is true that their rhythm is strong and consistent – is buried under the diction of exaggeration; one disbelieves the poet's protestations about his feelings. The rhythm is strong, but so is Ancient Pistol's; and the disproportion in Patrick Galvin's utterance creates a similar sense of parody. Only one poem, 'Remember the Night', seems really successful.

It is impossible to do more than mention two paperbacks published by the Scorpion Press; Jenny Joseph's *The Unlooked-for Season* is a first book with some attractive poems. Edwin Brock's *A Family Affair*, which is two short sequences of sonnets, did not impress me as strong enough to stand by itself.

DONALD HALL

New Novels

Facial Justice. BY L. P. HARTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15*s*.

Harris's Requiem. BY STANLEY MIDDLETON. *Hutchinson*. 15*s*.

The Moon through a Dusty Window. BY JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

The Knights of Malta. BY ROGER PEYREFITTE. Translated by EDWARD HYAMS. *Secker & Warburg*. 18*s*.

The Winston Affair. BY HOWARD FAST. *Methuen*. 15*s*.

Oh, Careless Love! BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW. *Gollancz*. 15*s*.

L. P. Hartley's new novel is set in an England which has been laid flat by the third world war. Most fantasies of the future are agreed on certain points: people are bred in test-tubes, eat tablets instead of food, and obey a mysterious voice. Mr Hartley's new state has all this and more. His Dictator ('Darling Dictator') is the most benevolent imaginable. He wishes only to guard his subjects against self-destruction, and his curious method is to remind them continually that they are fallen. All citizens are called 'delinquents'; they wear sackcloth; they are named after murderers. Bromides, taken daily, deprive them of ambition. Everyone is equal, and no one need be guilty of exciting envy. Every woman can apply for a Beta face and be 'betafied'. Jael, Mr Hartley's heroine, has a failed Alpha face which arouses envy and causes her much distress. She applies for 'betafication', but at the last moment withdraws. This anti-social act leads to further disobedience; and though, oddly, this wins her the love of one of the state's most important officials, she is cruelly punished. She becomes a revolutionary. 'Bet on yourself,' she tells the people. 'Beta yourself,' the Dictator replies. But behind the Beta masks and the sackcloth the human instincts remain, and the revolution develops and becomes increasingly bloody. The Dictator abdicates. The state is thrown into confusion; people starve; and there is a clamour for the Dictator's return.

Egalitarianism is absurd, but without it there is chaos. Mr Hartley's satire is softened by his puckish humour and his conclusion which, for all its pessimism, is slightly mocking. 'You must think out a new play for them,' the broken-hearted, dying Dictator says. 'A better one than mine . . . It's the play, the play that matters,' *Facial Justice* can best be read as a pure fantasy; it is as accomplished as we expect. Mr Hartley's gift for the macabre is well known; his novel abounds in chilling surprises.

Stanley Middleton is a talented writer, and in *Harris's Requiem*, his second novel, he has succeeded in doing a difficult thing: he has made a composer his hero, and made him wholly credible. Harris, the composer, is a middle-aged schoolmaster in the Midlands. He is credible as a composer largely because he is so credible as a man. We see him with his working-class parents; we see him among his colleagues at school, among his pompous patrons and their wives, among the miners who have commissioned a march for their brass band. He adjusts himself to these groups in varying ways. The author makes no comment, and none is needed. We accept Harris; we learn to distinguish his poses. Eventually we feel we know not only Harris, but his world; and it is a complete world. Mr Middleton writes carefully, but his touch is light and astonishingly assured. One rarely reads dialogue as good as Mr Middleton's; it makes his characters instantly alive. Unfortunately, this excellence is not maintained. The novel declines into an account of the composition of a piece of music, and, ending nowhere, is abruptly and disappointingly revealed as shapeless.

The Moon through a Dusty Window is a slow and lengthy account of the cloak-and-dagger adventures of some misfits who find themselves in Spain. The misfits include an English writer of adventure stories, his Spanish mistress, his stepson, a bankrupt theatrical agent, an unpleasant German, and an Italian Muslim with a Hindu name (his throat is deservedly slit almost as soon as he appears). The characters are all weary and sad. They think and talk continually of death. This has an especial poignancy: John Lodwick was killed in a motor accident last year and this novel is his last. The writing is as zestful as ever, and the detail of the Spanish background is enchanting. 'Indeed, that was half his charm,' we are told of the writer in the novel. 'Long after they had forgotten the plot of one of Laggard's book his readers would remember his descriptions of staff problems aboard a Bosphorus ferry or the intricacies of hierarchical precedence among the Knights of Malta.'

One needs to be interested in the Knights of Malta to an almost perverse degree to get through M. Peyrefitte's novel, which is about the intricacies of hierarchical precedence among them. The novel deals with the efforts, tortuous and unsuccessful, of an ambitious cardinal to subdue the order. Even if one is acute enough to master the proliferation and superfetation of knightly nomenclature, the action is not always clear. There are too many characters, too much detail, and M. Peyrefitte's level, businesslike tone is defeating. M. Peyrefitte's knowledge of the ways of the Vatican and the Knights of Malta is fabulous. But what he has written reads less like a novel than a course of study.

The message of *The Winston Affair* is that we should never, even in our dealings with Fascists, use their methods. Accordingly, in an American army court-martial in the Far East an upright American defends a paranoiac against a charge of murder, and, in spite of well-meaning pressure, secures his acquittal. The novel is wordy, contrived and undistinguished; but sincere.

Oh, Careless Love! shows how an American from 'middle of the middle class' attempts to live dangerously and romantically. This is a Peter de Vries theme, and Mr Zolotow, handling it in the de Vries manner, is intermittently funny. But wit is missing, the invention is limited, and the comic scenes, though beginning well, quickly become self-conscious and laboured.

V. S. NAIPAUL

The Fable and the Moral

The General. BY ALAN SILLITOE. *W. H. Allen.* 13*s*. 6*d*.

Mr Sillitoe must be given full marks for courage. Having established himself as our most exciting chronicler in fiction of contemporary working-class life, he has chanced his arm on something entirely different, as different as his poetry is from the style and matter of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. He has lighted out for the territory with a vengeance. His new novel is a fable. Two great powers, on an unspecified continent in the not-too-distant future, are at war, though the war being fought resembles the first world war rather than anything the future is likely to bring forth. Only one power is named – the Gorsheks, a barbarous people whose regime and principles of government seem to resemble those Orwell described in *Nineteen Eighty-four*. So far as one can guess, the Gorsheks are ruled by a mindless autocracy whose decrees are issued by an electronic brain.

On principle, the Gorsheks take no prisoners. But, so far as the brilliant and triumphant Gorshek general (who is nameless) is concerned, the principle breaks down when he captures a whole symphony orchestra of 93 players sent by the enemy to entertain its forces. Seduced by memories of the music he has heard in his youth and by a command performance of Tchaikovsky's Sixth, he deliberately disobeys the order of his high command, allows the musicians to escape and, in effect, chooses to suffer the degradation of a trial for treason and exile to the Gorshek equivalent of Siberia.

The moral is impeccable – it is not so dissimilar from L. P. Hartley's in *Facial Justice*. But it is not the moral that makes a fable but the fable the moral, and Mr Sillitoe's fable is unconvincing. Because it lacks what James called density of specification it imposes on the reader no illusion of any kind of reality. At the end of the book, we know scarcely more about the Gorsheks and their unidentified enemy than when we began. And the characters, whether named, like Evart, the conductor of the orchestra, or unnamed like the Gorshek general, are faceless; they talk, but out of what experience of life, what background of society and feeling, it is impossible to say. They are cyphers moving in a generalised battlefield. Mr Sillitoe has made his gesture. Its bravery demands praise; but having recognised the bravery all one can in honesty do is adapt an earlier critic on an earlier writer and say, 'Back to your factory-hands and Borstal boys, Mr Sillitoe!'

WALTER ALLEN

Crime Round-Up

The idea that amnesia might cheat the gallows was popularly treated as something quite new in the Podola case, though the case-law on it here is by no means negligible and in America it has been the subject of long and learned studies. Mr Furneaux's workmanlike account of the case, *Guenther Podola* (Stevens, 8s. 6d.) which is the first of a new series of 'crime documentaries', shows that amnesia affected even the witnesses, Podola's solicitor and the police officers being strangely at variance about what it was that he said in hospital; and it shows, too, that while four doctors believed Podola's loss of memory to be perfectly genuine and only two did not, the two who didn't were not qualified in psychological medicine. This book should satisfy wishful doubters (but it won't) that Podola was *not* beaten up by the police in the hotel room where he was arrested.

The First World War
Cyril Falls
'Brilliant and controversial' THE SUNDAY TIMES 'As an objective and concise account of the military campaigns and the men who controlled them, the book will not be bettered.' DAILY TELEGRAPH 42s

A Quite Remarkable Father
Leslie Ruth Howard
A delightful biography of Leslie Howard by his daughter. 'Excellent.' Arthur Marshall NEW STATESMAN 21s

Image of America
R. L. Bruckberger
Father Bruckberger discusses the ideas and ideals that have shaped America and explains his belief that in America lies hope for the West. 'A rare work which should be read widely in this country and throughout the world.' JOHN O'LONDON'S 25s

LONGMANS

It's a wonder that Mr Paull Hill has been able to restrain himself for so long. He knew Neville Heath! Think of that. In *Portrait of a Sadist* (Spearman, 18s.), he at last tells about Heath's RAF life, his homicidal obsessions, and his plurally fatal fascination for women; so here it all is, told at a rare pitch of excitement, with exclamation marks for full-stops all the way.

It is a relief to turn to *Not Proven* (Secker & Warburg, 25s.). Mr John Gray Wilson, who sticks to facts, knows his law, delivers no tabloid sermons, uses no superlatives, and conveniently retells four well-known stories (rather contriving links between them) which have ended in 'not proven' verdicts in the Scottish criminal courts. He includes the case of Madeleine Smith, which will yet be retold many times, not because of the verdict but because it is the story of a pretty woman blackmailed, in the days when fear of a Victorian father's wrath provided the perfect soil for blackmail – and murder – and anyone could buy an ounce of arsenic for sixpence. But by far the most interesting thing in the book is Mr Wilson's all-too-short introduction discussing what Sir Walter Scott called the 'bastard verdict' of not proven, of which Lord Moncrieff said that even if it did leave a stigma on the acquitted it was 'favourable to a criminal – there are many cases in which, if the jury were driven to choose between the verdicts of guilty and not guilty, they would probably find the person guilty'. (He thought this was a serious objection to it: I doubt the soundness of such a belief, but would regard it, if true, as a total vindication of the Scottish system.) Mr John Gray Wilson goes from strength to strength – I hope he stays in Scotland, where a vast number of untold legal stories await some such pen as his.

C.H.R.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,578 **Set by L.W.B.**

The week of the centenary of the birth of J. M. Barrie saw the first performance of Terence Rattigan's play about T. E. Lawrence, *Ross*. The usual prizes are offered for an extract (20 lines) from Barrie's *Ross* or Rattigan's *Peter Pan*. Entries by 31 May.

Result of No. 1,575 **Set by Red Setter**

'I saw my first corpse at Wembley Park station' – this promising scrap from a City gent's conversation was recently reported by Cassandra in the *Daily Mirror*. Competitors are invited to write a short story beginning with this sentence. Limit 150 words.

Report

Like Macbeth, I have supp'd full with horrors. There were stories of interplanetary warfare, revolutions, rush-hour holocausts, mass murderers, ghouls. Often the victim described his own taking-off. For a change, Grosgar's corpse was that of a bird (starling or pigeon?), J. Ansell's a rat, Vera Telfer's a pig. Mrs V. R. Ormerod's 'corpse de ballet'; but how can I possibly be expected to commend Rhoda Tuck Pook for murdering Red Setter?

I suggest two guineas for John Thornton's devilish story; a guinea apiece to the others printed. Commended are Winty, P. W. R. Foot, Vera Telfer, Desmond Skirrow, G. J. Blundell, Ronnie George, Stephen John and Charles.

I SAW MY FIRST CORPSE

I saw my first corpse at Wembley Park station. It was down there I once met the Devil selling Cup Final tickets cheap with three wishes free. Without thinking, I wished him in Hell: that beat him. Couldn't see his backside for smoke. But, this time, I watched him puff off after hitting a man with a cosh. No good calling the cops. I figured his victim muffed the first wish and thought he was being smart. For your guidance, it's a safe bet this is what passed:

'Here we are again, mate – one pound front grandstand and three good wishes for nothing – quick!'

'Haw! – you know where you can put 'em. I'd sooner die!'

Ever seen a corpse with a cocky smile down at Wembley Park station? It's the very Devil!

JOHN THORNTON

I saw my first corpse at Wembley Park station the day my father broke his ankle and drowned in the mud at Ypres. It was lying between the rails and appeared to have been clutching a flag as it fell.

I saw my second corpse at Canterbury station the day the wind blew my mother's ashes through the dust at Hiroshima. It seemed to have been the arrival platform from which it fell.

I saw my third corpse at Clydeside station the day I recognised my brother's portrait in an exhibition of photographs from Budapest. It seemed to have scattered a bundle of leaflets in falling.

I thought I felt the hot sun scorch the back of my neck at Sharpeville but I am still alive. It seems there is no one left to fall in a railway station, or perhaps no one to acknowledge the fall.

ELLA LODGE-MORGAN

BREAKDOWN ON THE BAKERLOO

'I saw my first corpse at Wembley Park station,' I said. 'It had a harp-string round its neck. Its eyes bulged.'

'And the second?' he asked.

'At Waterloo. Pinned to the wall with a pitchfork.'

'It's nothing to worry about,' he said. 'An ordinary attack of necrophobia aggravated by rush-hour travelling conditions. The way to dispel such illusions is to face them. Stride boldly up to the next one and speak to it. It will disappear.'

The next one was at Piccadilly, propped in a corner. There was a bread-knife in its side. I pulled it out. 'Does this train go to Victoria?' I asked. 'Change at Charing Cross,' it said, and then sagged, so that I had to hold it up. Blood dripped from the knife. 'That man's a charlatan,' I said to myself. 'Next time I shall consult one properly approved by the National Health Service.'

BARBARA ROE

THE ENGLISH LESSON

'I saw my first corpse at Wembley Park station.'

'Good. Now try: *Le cadavre avait le corps d'un homme et la tête d'un âne*.'

'The corpse had the body of a man and the head of an ass.'

'Very good! Your progress is excellent. Please give the next sentence yourself.'

'Nobody stopped to look except a walrus, crying crocodile tears.'

'But who was the culprit?'

'Three men in togas took the corpse away.'

'Were they convicted?

'The funeral took place at Stratford-atte-Bow and the Memorial Service at the Royal Chapel of St Sloan.'

'Did they appeal?'

'The March Hare conducted the service.'

'I congratulate you, Mr Ionesco! I am sure you will pass the examination for proficiency in English for foreign students.'

'Thank you Mr Pinter. Your help has been invaluable.'

L. MORVEN SHIRLAW

City Lights

To Travel is Better

'Irregular Close on Wall Street: Defence issues Advance' – even on Monday Mr Krushchev's style of dancing was beginning to impress the punters of the western world. London, with no defence issues left to advance, cautiously snuffed out its own little technical rally: political uncertainties, as the professionals gloomily label this sort of thing, are less businessmen's business than the acts of God you find mentioned in the small print on your insurance policy. Even businessmen, admittedly, can be pushed too far. The president of the Johannesburg stock exchange has trumpeted the fact that share values dropped from £2,700m to £2,180m in the first quarter of this year (a lot of the difference rushed back to the Continent and is keeping short-term rates down while looking for a fresh home); Mr Harry Oppenheimer has made much of the fact that the investments of the De Beers diamond monopoly fell even more sharply, and both men are making of these falls a reason for urging an appearance of reasonableness on the South African government; now that the horse has gone, the businessmen may yet force the politicians into a pretence of closing the door.

But Mr Krushchev is not interested in share prices, nor have prices in London fallen nearly far enough to turn stockbrokers into Aldermaston marchers: the only trouble for the moment is that there is nothing in the business situation to offset the depressing influence of a receding Summit. The latest trade figures are colourless, merely pricking some premature Treasury optimism. Sterling is rather weaker. The first driblet of special deposits has been handed over to Grandma's keeping, but it is much too early yet to judge how hard the squeeze will press. The building societies have reported a drop in the inflow of funds, presumably as a prelude to agreeing on an increase in rates this week. Lord Heyworth has left Unilever to see what artificial respiration can do for the Prices Council. Mr Amory has at last justified the chit-chat by hinting at his wish to retire.

* * *

The post-Suez tanker boom is something that politicians, oil companies, shipowners and investors would prefer to forget. When the Canal was blocked the world's tankers had to travel twice as far as usual. Not only did freight rates soar and were old wrecks pressed back into service, but the newspapers, echoing Sir Anthony's line about the complete dependence of the West on oil and lifelines, called thunderously for a massive defensive investment programme in tankers and nuclear power. Patriotism and the smell of profit answered the call. The newspapers themselves discovered supertankers (with dry docks to match), a number of fairy transcontinental pipelines, and a sort of plastic oil-transporting sausage-skin which has recently been taken up by Hambros; the world's tanker-owners, with the oil companies leading the rush of suckers, inundated the world's shipbuilders

COMPANY MEETING

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

◆

'LONG-TERM PROSPECT IS ONE OF CONTINUED PROGRESS'

◆

MR. S. P. CHAMBERS ON REPORT OF MONOPOLIES COMMISSION

The 33rd annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on 12 May in London.

Mr. S. P. Chambers, C.B., C.I.E., chairman of the company, presided and in the course of his speech said:

When the results for 1959 are compared with those of 1958, the improvement in profits is striking, but if we take a longer view and compare the growth of the Company over the past ten years, it will be seen that the profit for 1959 bears no more than a reasonable relationship to the funds invested in the Company.

Our export trade has expanded at a greater rate than our home trade, and it is interesting to note that, while the average increase in exports of I.C.I. products from the United Kingdom was 19 per cent over 1958, the increase in respect of exports to the six Common Market countries was 25 per cent and that of the exports to the Outer Seven (the European Free Trade Area) no less than 41 per cent. Exports to Soviet Russia and the countries of Eastern Europe, though still representing a small proportion of our overseas trade, have nearly doubled between the two years.

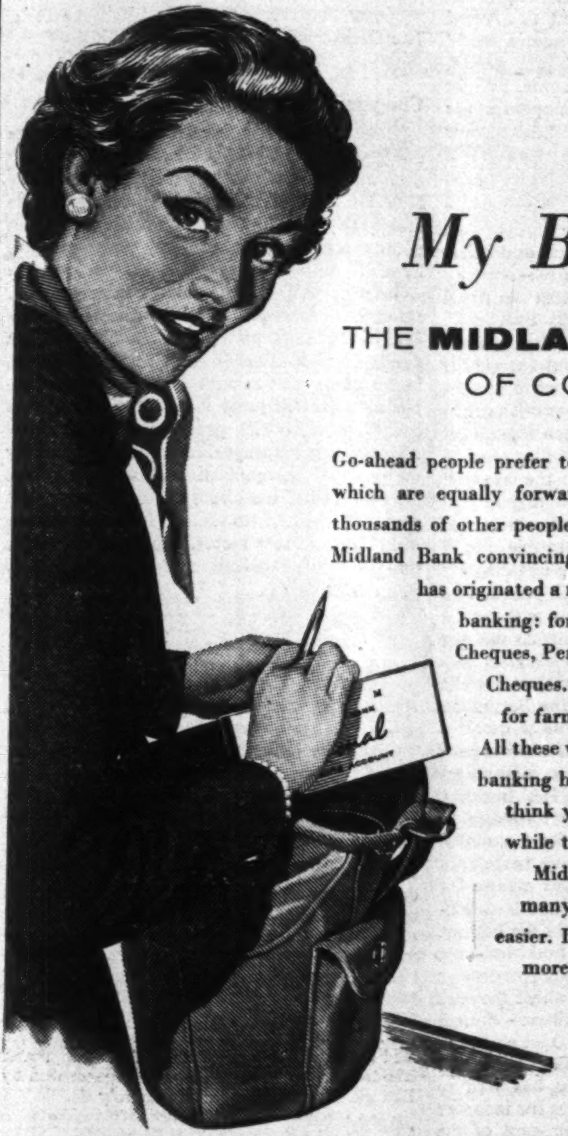
Since the end of the year, the Report of the Monopolies Commission on the Supply of Chemical Fertilisers has been published. The work in preparing the evidence for the Monopolies Commission has imposed a strain lasting several years on senior members of the staff, and the amount of time and energy spent upon this work must be recognised as one of the costs - indeed, the heaviest cost - of such an inquiry. It is therefore gratifying that the Monopolies Commission recognised in a clear and unambiguous way the sense of responsibility to our customers and to the general public which the Company has always shown.

It may be that other products which the Company manufactures will be inquired into by the Monopolies Commission. The Board would face any such inquiry with complete confidence, but they are perturbed by the burden of work to which I have referred and by the pressure which is brought to bear upon the Company to agree to the publication of information which might be of value to our competitors, either on the Continent of Europe or in the United States of America. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the publication of cost figures can give valuable information to our overseas competitors who have not the obligation to disclose to us the corresponding figures of their operations.

GREAT ACTIVITY DESPITE GROWING COMPETITION

It is, of course, far too early to forecast the trading results for 1960. I can, however, say that up to the present there has been great activity in practically all the Company's products in spite of growing competition from United States and Continental as well as United Kingdom manufacturers. There are always difficulties to be faced in export markets, and we may have special problems in the Common Market or in other countries where balance of payments problems or political difficulties hinder normal trading. These problems are receiving attention. However, our exports go to a wide variety of countries, and our export prospects as a whole remain good. At home, the revival of business in the capital goods industries may, to some extent, be offset by hesitancy in some branches of industries producing what are described as durable consumer goods, but so far this hesitancy does not appear to be serious. Any significant increase in credit restrictions could no doubt change the position, so that, whilst in general the outlook is good, the need for vigilance remains. The long-term prospect is one of continued progress.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the proposed final dividend of 1s. 6d., less tax, making 2s. 3d., less tax, for the year, on the Ordinary stock was approved.



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with more orders than they could cope with in a decade; and the government discovered Sir Matthew Slattery. There is now a world surplus of tanker tonnage which will persist, *pace* Nasser, for some years to come. Freight rates have slumped, the oil companies are vindictively squeezing the independents, new charters are impossible to obtain at profitable rates, and everyone is desperately trying to buy off the orders they placed a few years ago. Share prices, too, are lower.

The troubles of Messrs Onassis and Niarchos belong to the gossip columns: the City columns are more concerned with Mr Basil Mavroleon's London & Overseas Freighters. Four years ago it was a dazzling growth stock, feeding the public demand for tanker investments with share-splits, scrip issues, higher dividends, and quarterly profit reports moving ever upwards. Even when the tanker boom slipped quietly into the files, LOFS' profits held up remarkably well: the latest set of quarterly figures is the first to suggest that the profitable long-term charters are at last running out and that there is trouble ahead. Before it gets too uncomfortably obvious, Mr Mavroleon has a little financial problem to deal with. Despite postponements and cancellations, he still has £11¾m of tankers due for delivery by mid-1963 with nearly £9m still to pay on them; he also has another sizeable batch soon due for delivery to the Bermudan company which he founded in those carefree days as his own tax-free flag of convenience, overlooking the more immediate advantages of the investment allowance. His bankers, Philip Hill, who had the sense long ago to get rid of their half share in the Bermudan venture (and their LOFS shares) to institutions who could afford to indulge a taste for tankers, arranged £7¼m of unorthodox debenture finance for Mr Mavroleon in the boomy, patriotic days and have now to find him some more. It has to be a rights issue, expensive (10 per cent nearly) with prices where they are and unpleasant for a family business – though the family has managed to sell 3½m shares in advance of the bad news. For even this scheme to succeed, the family has had to agree – what care the Mavroleons for income? – to forgo dividends on 60 per cent of the capital for four years; the dividend on the other 40 per cent is to be cut, and there is a hint that even this cut payment may not be covered by profits. For a time, apparently, LOFS is going to suffer from a worse Suez hangover than the most cynical had expected. The Greeks will have a word for it.

* * *

Company News

There is another brewery merger in the offing – *Joshua Tetley* of Leeds with *Walker Cain* of Liverpool, to form a 1,300-pub combination. While Walker Cain shareholders are indignantly waiting for an official explanation of the terms, other brewery investors are hopefully noting that Mr Taylor, of *Canadian Breweries*, is visiting this country again. *Boots* has succeeded in shaking a *blasé* market, with profits up by half to £7½m and a dividend raised from 16 to 21 per cent. *Simms*, motor components, were less successful, despite a two-thirds jump in profit which took it back almost to the peak 1954 level. *Daily Mirror*, with its magazine empire affected by the pains of reorganisation as well as by the printing strike, has reported a drop in gross profit from £7.1m to £5.6m. *Lonsdale Investment Trust's* sharp increase in profit is mainly the result of excellent figures from *Robert Benson, Lonsdale*.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 549. He Lost a Shilling to Steinitz

And he skipped school to do so, spending a morning in the smoky basement of Simpson's in the Strand, rather than in his well-aired school rooms at Westminster. It happened in 1880, and the boy who got his bob's worth from Steinitz was Douglas Fawcett, aged 14. In more recent decades he never missed a Hastings Congress, and most of us are not likely to forget his colourful appearance complete with grey tweeds and monocle, the rubicund face and the sparkle in his clear blue eyes when he reminisced of his exploits as explorer, pioneer motorist—and aviator and chessplayer too. 'I'll play at Hastings when I'm 100', he used to tell us. Alas, he shall not. He died a few weeks ago. I am indebted to Frank Rhoden for the score of this pretty game won by Fawcett in 1954 when he was barely 88.

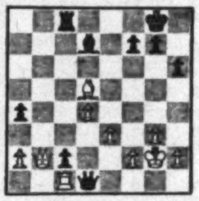
(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-QB4, B-Q2; (7) P-B3, P-KKt3; (8) B-K3, B-Kt2; (9) KtxKt, PxKt; (10) Q-Q2, O-O; (11) P-KKt4, Q-B2; (12) P-KR4, QR-Kt1; (13) B-Kt3, B-K3!; (14) P-R5, BxB; (15) RPxB, R-Kt2; (16) PxP, BPxP; (17) B-R6, BxB; (18) QxB, P-K3; (19) Kt-K2, P-Q4; (20) P-Kt5, PxP!, (21) PxKt, PxP; (22) Kt-B4, Q-K4 ch; (23) K-B2, RxBP; (24) QR-Q1 [indirectly guarding the Kt], Q-B4 ch; (25) K-Kt3, Q-K2; (26) R-Q3, P-K4; (27) Kt-R3, P-K5; (28) R(3)-Q1, P-K6; (29) Kt-Kt5, Q-K4 ch; (30) K-R3, R-B1; (31) Q-R4, P-K7; (32) Q-B4 ch, K-R1; (33) R-Q2, QxKt; (34) Q-B3 ch, Q-B3; (35) R-Q8, R(2)-KB2; (36) Resigns.

Just to show that prowess at great age is not all that exceptional, here's a game won (in a London League match) by my old friend Jacques Mieses when he was getting on for eighty.

(1) P-QB4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-KKt3, Kt-B3; (4) B-Kt2, B-Kt5; (5) P-K3, P-Q3; (6) KKt-K2, B-Kt5; (7) Q-Kt3, QR-Kt1!; (8) Kt-Q5, B-QB4; (9) KtxKt ch, QxKt!!; (10) BxKt ch 12, PxB!; (11) QxR ch, K-Q2; (12) QxR, Q-B6!; (13) K-Q1, QxKt ch; (14) K-B2, QxBP ch; etc.

I remember Mieses chuckling with delight when his opponent fell for that neat little trap, evidently quite sure that the old boy had made a mistake. Now, here's a game Sammy Reshevsky won at the age of eight, playing blindfolded. So did his opponent, R. C. Griffith who was then (1920) in his prime; he was to retain his prowess until he too was an octogenarian.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) O-O, KtxP; (5) P-Q4, B-K2; (6) R-K1, Kt-Q3; (7) BxKt, KtPxB; (8) PxP, Kt-Kt2; (9) Kt-B3, O-O; (10) Kt-Q4, Kt-B4; (11) P-B4, Kt-K3; (12) B-K3, KtxKt; (13) BxKt, P-Q4; (14) Q-B3, B-KB4; (15) P-KKt4!, BxBP; (16) QR-B1, P-QB4; (17) RxB, PxB; (18) KtxP, P-QB4; (19) P-B5, B-Kt4; (20) RxP, R-B1; (21) RxR, QxR; (22) P-B6!, R-K1 [relatively the lesser evil]; (23) Kt-K7 ch, RxKt; (24) PxR, BxP; (25) R-KB1, Q-K1; (26) Q-Q5!, B-Q1; (27) RxP!, QxR; (28) QxB ch, Q-B1; (29) QxQ ch, KxQ; (30) K-B2, resigns.



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position adjudicated by a jury which happened to include a former world champion. Considering that White was unable to exploit the plus-pawn and Black had no means of queening the advanced QBP they adjudicated the game a draw. Many years later, Paul Schlensker, the excellent columnist of *Schach-Echo* looked at the position and discovered that the Jury had been wrong. As a matter of fact, Black could have forced the win by one single move. How and Why? For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both draws, both somewhat related thematically, and very pretty. Usual prizes. Entries by 30 May.

B: G. Zachodjakin, 1932: /7r/1P5B/k2Pr3/1kt1K4/8/2R5/16/.

C: A. S. Gurvitch, 1931: /k7/8/1P1Kt1K2/8/7B/bKt2r3/8/6kt1/.

REPORT on No. 546. Set 30 April

A: (1) . . . QRxR; (2) QxR, P-KR3!! etc.

B: (1) P-R7 ch, K-R1 [Forced since he mustn't permit the Q-check at c7]; (2) Q-B3 ch, Q-Kt2 (3) P-R6!!, R-R1 ch; (4) K-Kt3 etc.

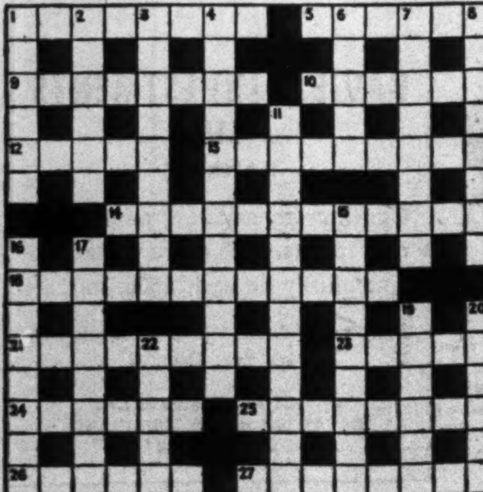
C: (1) K-Kt2!, P-B6 ch; (2) K-B1!, P-B7; (3) B-B6!, P-Q4; (4) KxP, P-Q5; (5) B-B3!, P-Q6; (6) K-K3, P-Q7; (7) K-Q4, P=Q; (8) BxQ, KxP; (9) K-B5 and wins.

Relatively easy, though some stumped by **A.** Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, D. E. Cohen, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 406

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 406, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 31 May.



ACROSS

1. Inelegant as a barbarian without the composition of poems (8).
5. Those who speak for the novelist (6).
9. Omit our one river (8).
10. The holiday organiser gives nothing back after an objection (6).
12. Religious structure from the first Upanishad (5).
13. Desire for the translation of Sartre etc. (9).
14. This is bogus but there is a fascination about the ingredients of a Stalin (12).
18. Forbidding Cockney making a suggestion about the possibility of credit (12).
21. Lady from the south never without five fit (9).
23. Pronounce extreme (5).
24. There is nothing to revive with speech (6).
25. Way of making music which supplies a note about animals with their heads together (8).
26. Corrects me in finals (6).
27. Form a division which is established in front of the hills (8).

DOWN

1. Scot like a bad actor? (6).
2. Place of study to avail oneself of in silence (6).
3. Covering needed by the PM among others in disguise (9).
4. It sounds as if disorder prevailed without control (12).
6. Entertain a female of nine (5).
7. Not exclusive, although at first caught among the élite (8).
8. Concurrence when he went wrong, by the sound of it, on capital (8).
11. Protection needed for spear battles (12).
15. A girl with a weight makes this broadcaster start (9).
16. An extra I love opportunity in the cinema (8).
17. See great changes in course (8).
19. Piece of music which shows that creativity rises in evil surroundings (6).
20. The poet has to exist without a bird (6).
22. Annoyed when the state came first (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 404

M	A	S	T	I	F	F	■	S	O	L	A	C	E	S
U	■	T	■	M	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	Y	■	A
S	O	R	T	I	L	E	G	E	■	D	E	N	I	M
T	■	A	■	T	■	L	■	D	■	G	■	O	■	I
A	L	P	H	A	■	D	I	S	P	E	R	S	E	S
N	■	■	■	T	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	E
G	A	R	B	O	■	A	L	D	E	B	A	R	A	N
■	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	■
M	I	N	I	S	T	E	R	S	■	R	A	S	P	S
E	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	H	■	T	■	■	■	W
R	O	A	S	T	L	A	M	B	■	E	R	I	C	A
I	■	C	■	E	■	M	■	O	■	N	■	N	■	D
T	O	K	E	N	■	A	B	A	N	D	O	N	E	D
E	■	E	■	S	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	L
D	U	D	G	E	O	N	■	D	U	R	E	S	S	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 404

R. Hetherington (Hong Kong)
Mrs H. Mundy (London, N10)
A. H. Haddy (Manchester, 19)

PERSONAL

A GOOD holiday for a good driver. We are proceeding on a tour of Britain and/or the Continent in a new Mercedes and require an experienced driver with a clean licence and at least 3 years' driving experience. No pay but all expenses found plus entertainment. June and July. Write immediately by airmail to Sheikh Muhammad Farid, P.O. Box 4023, Aden. Interviews for candidates in London.

TUTOR wanted, Economic Theory B.Sc. level. Few hours weekly. Box 3566.

YNG wife with toddler sks another similarly placed with view finding/sharing flat, baby-sitting, etc. N. London. Box 4586

GENUINE parasite, BA, widely travelled, seeks three months, rustic room and board in exchange for witty conversation and non-fatiguing outdoor tasks. Box 4751.

CARAVAN, sleep 5, private site Surrey, nr river. Bargain £250. BAT. 4603.

EDWARD Barnsley bed for sale, 4′ 6″, solid waxed oak, £10. Box 4670.

BUDDING writer Hampstead requires literary help. Box 4578.

MATISSE Exhibition Amsterdam. ICA Visit to Amsterdam and Rotterdam 16-17 June. Enquiries about membership and tour to Secretary, 17/18 Dover St, W1.

ANYONE want to go to Paris Whitsun? £10 and under 30. Box 4307.

HOME during term-time wanted for doctor's daughter aged twelve attending ballet school September, Notting Hill Gate or near. References supplied. Box 4533

13-YEAR old Parisian girl wishes to stay English family as paying guest, 4-6 weeks July-August. Box 4659.

PASSENGER wanted to share cost (£40 app.) of sports car to Italy or thereabouts 1st 3 weeks June, July or later. Write E. Simon, 34 Kensington Park Rd, W11, or PAR. 6817 lunchtime.

HOLLAND: if you want to rent a fully furnished teacher's house in Holland for holidays between June and Sept. write to: R. Hinloopen, Dutch teacher of Engl., Delftlaan 339, Haarlem; Tel. 60842.

TELEVISION. Buy a 'Blab-Off' and cut out all noise from advertisements. Price £1. Write A. E. Cope, 93 Ebury Buildings.

EXCH. bach. flat in good block WC1 for s/c. 2-rm flat similar area. Box 4625.

BUNGALOW, Bantry Bay, 20 July-27 Aug. Hutchins, 10 Church Walk, W8.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept, C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

HOW to write and sell – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Profit also from a free subscription to The Writer. Send for interesting Free N1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th Edition). BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, brochures, technical articles. Box 4662

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (three months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

PITMAN'S shorthand; private individual tuition. No classes. Beginners or refresher course. Evenings PAD. 6929.

4¼% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a proud policy; loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, E. Twickenham, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Marlowe, MP

TV urgently needs scripts. Learn to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc., by correspondence with personal tuition from practising professionals. Write TV Writing Schl., Dept 198, 14 Sackville St. W1, or tel. REG 0721 stating any special interests.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

PERSONAL — continued

TO let Aug., charming French house nr Paris. Sleeps 5. Rent £35. Apply Ledermann, 28 Old Broadway, Manchester 20.

CARAVAN 4-berth Cuckmere Haven (Seaford); vacancies till end July, possibility towing car. Box 4380.

TEENAGERS can have a nice holiday in France in August, welcoming French youngster in July in exchange. Mrs Robertson, 51 rue de la Harpe, Paris 5e, or 'phone PRImrose 1370.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib f. bd & lodg and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 booklets 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

CONTEMPLATING a leaf (modest) out of the – Jones (senior) book, but photographs promised for end-May will be ready. Anthony Panting. Do you want any photographs taken in front of the Iron Curtain?

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 months. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

INCOME tax matters (except paying) attended to, annual accounts prepared, financial investigations undertaken. Normal professional fees. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd, NW3 HAM 6666

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

ST MARY'S Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. Tel. SWiss Cottage 3391. Small group of boarders accepted from age of 5 in co-ed. day school. (Weekends in country house, Chiltern Hills). Realistic approach to modern Education. Emphasis on English and Mod. languages. E. Paul, Ph.D.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Princs: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

FOOD AND DRINK

SERENDIPITY AND CIDER

The art of making an exciting discovery by chance is serendipity. Cultivate this fine art by discovering the rich flavour of COATES FESTIVAL VAT – Sparkling Cider De Luxe. Your reward will be a medium-dry cider from Somerset, with a delightful bouquet and a mellowness that will scintillate on the palate of the most critical connoisseur. COATES FESTIVAL VAT is specially pleasant with luncheon or dinner – and for entertaining – because its medium-dry flavour embodies a refreshing alcoholic content. Once enjoyed, you'll want to discover it again and again. Particularly when you know that the price is only 2s. 2d. for a quart flagon (2s. 6d. in Scotland), plus bottle deposit. It will reveal itself at your wine merchant or off-licence.

R. N. Coate & Company Limited,
Nailsea, Somerset.

On Sunday in The Sunday Times

TWO FACES OF LATIN-AMERICA

The sultry, powder-flash politics of Cuba and its neighbour Panama are examined by Norman Lewis in a brilliant account which presents two contrasted Latin-American pictures

Monty—and the Drama of Dieppe

Goronwy Rees writes a new chapter to the story which has a special place in the history of the war . . . a vivid description of the tragic Dieppe raid, coupled with a delightfully original impression of Field-Marshal Montgomery

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A Factual New Survey

A study of the special problems created by the coloured races in our midst — their housing, employment, recreation and social welfare

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The newspaper with the special Magazine Section

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Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UGANDA

Applications are invited for the post of Economic Adviser, Ministry of Finance. This officer will be required to advise the Government on economic policy and to perform limited administrative and executive duties connected with the Economic Development Committee (of which he is both a member and the Secretary), economic research and statistical policy. Candidates, who must be between 27 and 45, must be academically qualified and thoroughly experienced economists. Experience of the economies of under-developed territories and/or of work in a government department desirable.

Terms: Contract with gratuity for one tour of service of 30-36 months in the first instance, or FSSU terms if the applicant is already a member of the system. Salary £2,500. Free passages; housing available on arrival or shortly thereafter; generous home leave.

Apply, in first instance with summary of personal particulars, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, from whom further details may be obtained. Please quote reference No. BCD 123/9/03/A4 and state full name.

ROCHDALE & DISTRICT HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE AND ROCHDALE COUNTY BOROUGH

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

for duties in the Rochdale Group of Hospitals and with the Rochdale County Borough. The post involves the provision of Clinical Psychological Services as part of a team working in the Psychiatric Unit in the general hospital, which consists of 100 Psychiatric beds with an admission rate of 250 and a busy Out-Patient department. This deals primarily with adult psychiatry. The work on behalf of the local authority would involve both adult and child work so that the position offers a wide and interesting field covering most aspects of psychiatry.

Interest in research would be an advantage and the opportunities for this, with a closely integrated and fairly static population, are manifold.

The conditions and terms are in accordance with PTA circular 72, that is – £1,025 × £50(8) – £1,425. An In-Service training scheme, for the training of Clinical Psychologists, is under discussion for the Region as a whole, and the successful applicant would be expected to participate.

Apply: Group Secretary, Birch Hill Hospital, Rochdale, Lancs.

GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

Social Welfare Organiser, male, preferably between 25 and 40, who will be responsible to Director of Social Welfare, for the training of Social Workers (African and European) at University and Sub-University levels. University degree or Diploma in Social Science, with experience in the training of Social Workers (especially Social Case Workers) essential. (A related degree in Economics, Psychology or Sociology would be acceptable if candidate has necessary experience). Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £1,315 to £1,950 p.a. (Special interim allowance of 5% of salary also payable). Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 130/3/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.
VICtoria 9717/9.

PART-time work for professional women, London area. University Women's Part-time Employment Agy, 57 Richmond Rd, New Barnet, Herts. BAR. 2647/2525.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOLICITOR

A young Solicitor is required to work in the Legal Department at the London office of a large undertaking. The work is varied and interesting, and men of more than average ability are required.

Preferably applicants should not be more, or much more, than 30 years of age, and a recent Finalist would be suitable. The starting salary will be between £900 and £1,500 a year depending on ability and experience; there is a superannuation scheme.

An applicant who wants to make a career in the undertaking will have excellent opportunities to accept responsibility and to gain promotion, including, in due course, appointment to one of the senior posts, some of which are in London, and some outside, and in which salaries are paid substantially in excess of the figures quoted above.

Write giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience to Box 4689. Closing date 9 June 1960

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES ABERYSTWYTH

Research Assistant in Zoology

A personal research assistant (man or woman) is required for three years from an agreed date, to assist Professor T. A. Stephenson, FRS with the completion of a book on the seashore ecology of the world. The work chiefly involves making and correlating abstracts from published books and papers. Ability to make diagrams and plot tidal data would be an advantage. The person appointed will have opportunities of improving his qualifications for future employment. A salary up to £700 – £725 – £750 can be paid to a suitably qualified person. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, as soon as possible. Further information will be sent if desired.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

If you have a lively mind and would like an active outdoor job you may be interested in interviewing for a new firm using the most up-to-date methods.

We require women between 25 and 45 who have a good education and three or more days a week to spare.

There is also full-time work for the right person if she is free to spend some time away from home.

Please reply to Box Number 4556.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lecturership in Education. Applications are invited for the abovementioned post. Applicants should be well qualified in some or all of the fields of educational psychology, educational and psychological tests, guidance, and child development. Experience of teaching in primary or post-primary schools or of educational, vocational or child guidance, is desirable although not necessary. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 30 June 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. Candidates should have experience in research. Duties to commence on 1 October 1960. Salary on a scale (at present under review) £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research in the administration of the mental health services and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than 28 May 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scales (at present under review) £700 × £50 to £850 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 May 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE New Bridge, a growing organisation befriending discharged prisoners, is appointing a Director. Applications are invited from persons of either sex, preferably with experience in this field but keen interest in social service essential. Salary by arrangement. Write Box CT/1, c/o 191 Gresham House, EC2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Political and Social Theory). Salary scale (at present under review) £700-£850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 28 May 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PORTSMOUTH, City of – Assistant Educational Psychologist (Soulbury Grade II) required for Child Guidance Clinic and School Psychological Service. Candidates to hold Degree in Psychology with teaching experience and recognised post graduate training or approved clinical experience. The Child Guidance Service is expanding and offers a wide variety of experience in schools and clinics. Salary: man £1,290 × £32 10s. – £1,560 per annum; woman £1,160 × £26 to £1,370 per annum. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, 1 Western Parade, Portsmouth. Closing date for receipt of applications: 27 May 1960.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers, preferably with social science qualification, required for the community care of the mentally handicapped. Work covers mentally sub-normal of all types and ages. It offers good opportunity for individual casework. Expected that scope and interest will be considerably widened under the new Mental Health Act. Temporary positions, but good prospects of permanency later. £625-£830, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Commencing salary for persons under 24 abatable. Details and form, returnable by 30 May, from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/1116/5), County Hall, SE1.

SUSSEX. St Leonards-on-Sea. Young, qualified resident teacher required for post with scope for imaginative individual work with adolescent girls suffering from asthma or other psychosomatic symptoms. Applicants should be able to teach general subjects and preferably have an interest in games and remedial physical education. The school, administered by the Invalid Children's Aid Association, is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 30 girls aged 9-16. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Special Schools; superannuation. Residential emoluments in return for extraneous duties. Applications to the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Applications invited from trained or experienced men or women Social Workers (including married women wishing to re-enter employment) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work Successful candidates will have to train and advise voluntary Care Committee workers in wide range of preventive case work for school children and their families, which will include enabling parents to use all the social services available and assisting them in problems arising from primary poverty and difficult family relationships. Organisers are expected to direct, co-ordinate and participate in case work of varying depths. £625-£830, commencing according to experience and qualifications. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms, with details from Education Officer (Estab. 2/7), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 1 June. (939).

MIDDLESEX County Council. (1) Reqd at Edmonton Child Guidance Centre: (a) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker. PTA quals. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale £610-£845 plus London Weighting. (b) Locum Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary £15 6s. 6d. p.w. plus London Weighting (part-time considered). Posts (a) & (b) application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N18, returnable by 2 June. (2) Psychiatric Social Worker (female) reqd full-time at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. PTA quals. Salary: £610-£845 plus London Weighting. Established. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W5, returnable by 2 June. All posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote C.572 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd one in (a) East Division, Tottenham, one in (b) Central Division, Willesden. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance. Offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Six psychiatric social workers are at present engaged, one in each of above divisions. PTA qualifications and salary. Established, prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 2 June. (Quote C.492N.S.).

LONDON County Council. Experienced men required for Summer holiday day-time work at Play Centres in schools and at open spaces. Should have knowledge of games and ability to control groups of children. Application forms (giving rates of pay, obtainable from Education Officer (PS.8) County Hall, SE1), should be completed and returned as soon as possible.

WIDOWER, aged 50, with two sons 11 & 7 requires working Housekeeper. Chingford modern home. Write Box 4589.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METHUEN, publishers, offer two interesting secretarial posts. 1. Experienced Private Secretary to Editorial Director, with good speeds and ability to use Stenorette. Knowledge of publishing an advantage but not essential. 2. Secretarial Assistant to Publicity Manager. Experience not as necessary as intelligence, initiative and accurate typing. No Saturdays. Canteen, pension scheme. Applications to Mr L. A. Youthed, Methuen & Co Ltd, 36 Essex Street, Strand, WC2. (CENtral 1525).

SHEFFIELD. Croft House Settlement. Applications invited from suitably qualified men or women for post of Club Leader, vacant in September. The Settlement combines established club work together with experimental approach through new coffee bar project, etc. The post calls for imagination, initiative and an interest in the 'unattached'. Salary according to experience. Apply by letter to: P. B. Wharton, 260 Abbey Lane, Sheffield 8.

QUALIFIED Psychiatric Social Worker required for six half-days weekly by LCC at Bredinghurst School for Maladjusted Boys, Peckham. Duties mainly involve visiting children's homes in London. Whitley salary and conditions. Particulars and form, returnable by 30 May, from Medical Officer of Health, (D1/NS/1204/5), County Hall, London, SE1.

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified teachers for post with group of 10-12 maladjusted children. Friendly informal atmosphere. Salary £550-£600 plus full board and lodgings. Pension scheme. West country. Box 4296.

LIAISON Officer required, West Indian preferred, to work for integration of coloured citizens and sponsor community development schemes in the Borough of Willesden. Apply Secretary, Citizens' Advice Bureau, 155 Harlesden Rd, NW10.

CAPABLE and experienced House Mother, preferably with Child Care Course Certificate, for small school for emotionally disturbed children. Apply by letter with particulars of age, education, and experience. Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire

HOUSEFATHER required mid-July, young adults Spastic Centre near London. Congenial surroundings, scale national joint council local authorities. Box 4633.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. Lady Housekeeper required shortly, able to take full responsibility for the domestic organisation, except for the catering, which is separately controlled. Applications to the Headmaster.

WANTED, man or woman, married or single, to direct developing work in South London Social Centre, with participation in student-training. Flat available. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Write Box 4666.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 4253.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Jewish organisation publishing small monthly journal required. Work includes general secretarial/shorthand typing and sub-editing, the latter to be learned. Salary according to qualifications. Box 4569.

READING, Ideas, Discussion for women over 20. One-year residential course in History, Literature, Economics, Political Theory, Art History, Psychology etc. Good preparation for training to teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available on early application. Write: Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

THE Association of Scientific Workers, a trade union organising staffs in scientific employment, requires a Shorthand Typist Secretary. Accurate work essential, previous trade union experience and knowledge of Committee procedure useful. Five-day week, some evening Committee work. Commencing salary £11 2s. 6d. p.w. Write giving details, age and previous experience to Assistant Secretary, 15 Half Moon Street, London, W1.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN. 5181) invites applications for the following staff vacancies. (a) Personal Secretary for a Minister. (b) Shorthand-Typist for Organising Secretary. Interesting work, pleasant offices and congenial conditions. Apply Assistant Secretary.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Clerk/Shorthand-Typist with some office experience. The work concerns the training of teachers and is interesting and varied. Applicants must be competent shorthand-typists, have had a grammar school education and be able to show initiative. Experience of committee work useful but not essential. No Saturdays; 4 weeks' annual leave. Holiday arrangements respected. Salary scale up to £540 p.a. Write to Dr Dixon, Inst. of Education, Malet St, WC1.

EXPD sec. short./typist over 25 good educ. reqd for Jewish Welfare Org., interesting work, 5 day week, L.V's., holiday arr. resp. EUS. 3291 or write Box 4726.

CALM intelligent secretary required to administer Architects' small office. Commencing £12. COVent Garden 2907.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

IMPORTANT and interesting job for Socialists, congenial surroundings, £9 p.w. to start, and 4 weeks holiday in exchange for shorthand, typing, and enthusiasm. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

HUNGARIAN-speaking typist willing to use dictaphone, able to use initiative, interested in prospect of Articles of Clerkship, is invited to apply in English for part- or full-time employment with Lincoln's Inn solicitor, stating sal. reqd, to Box 4680.

SECRETARY-assistant required by Sales Manager of old est. Publishing house in Charing Cross area. Interesting & progressive work. Accurate shorthand-typing essential, 'A' level English desirable. Age 20-25. Hrs 9-5.30. No Sats. Holiday arrangements honoured. TEM. 0044.

SECRETARY 25/35, interested in people, for international educational foundation. £600/£650 & L.V.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

EDINBURGH. Interesting congen. post, part-/full-time, for secretarial or outside representation. Car driver advantage. Give age, domestic responsibilities. Box 4499

TEMPORARY secretary, 20/35, with good speeds for publishers. 9.30-5.30. Good salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0677.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted a week or more, 10 to 5 or longer hours. Also many good permanent posts. Individual attention. Victoria Agency, 1 Strutton Ground, SW1. VIC. 2888.

ABELLA Roberts, agent, 6/7 Queen St, EC4, gets you the job you want. Permanencies all office staff, m./f. Needs temporary shorthand-typists, highest pay, for holiday relief work. Please call

SYBIL Topham gives personal attention to competent Shorthand-typists looking for secretarial posts. Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OXFORD History graduate (25) now studying Art, seeks work (June-September), 1-2 days a week. Box 4427.

YOUNG woman, graduate, secretarial quals, good French, good personality, keenly interested literature, politics, experienced both, seeks post. Box 4717.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' The May issue includes reports on TV sets, baldness treatments and trading stamps. 'Which?' is factual and independent, published monthly by the Consumers' Association. 'Which?' is available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

BOON for Bedsitters. Philip Harben's 'Book of the Frying Pan' (Bodley Head 9s. 6d.), tells you how to cook anything (even a sponge cake) on a gas-ring.

'LIGHT of the Buddha' – Mthly 2s. 3 Maltings Cotts, Debden, Saffron Walden

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807

A. & N. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

LECTURE CRSES ETC.—contd from p.772

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SEE Spain and learn Spanish. 16 day Summer tours of Ronda, Jerez & Cadiz. 4 hours tuition a day. Also residential courses in Ronda & Cordoba. Board, lodging & full tuition: £7 19s. per week. Write Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202

TUITION by Post for GCE. Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1 GER 1460

ENGLISH for foreigners: £12 p. month. SOE, 198 Chesterton Rd, Cambridge.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

VIENNA lady gives individual piano lessons. Grade examinations. Box 4595.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

GREGG and Pitman intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7

SHORTHND/Typg priv. tuit. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOL

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

W1 (close Baker St). Studio bed-sitters plus communal facilities immediately vacant. Furn. or unfurn. Families or single people. Co-operative venture/adventure. (CLA). Box 4699.

LARGE rm & kit. part-furn., all convs. Super. hse. NW2. GLA. 9088 after 7.

GARDEN room Chelsea flat for 50s. to congenial young woman willing give occasional spare-time help. FLAxman 9381.

SUNNY two-divan room, kit. 3 French windows to balcony over gdns, quiet Georgian sq. nr River, £5 10s.; sgle, share kit., bath, £2 10s. Tyrrell, RIV. 6597.

THREE girls (twenties) want 4th to share South Kensington flat. KEN. 2515.

COMF. sgle bed-sit. room, concld kit'ette. Mod. rent. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

HAMPSTD. Lge n. dec. b/s. Ck. facs, elec. inc. 3 gns. Wom. only. Box 4654.

VERY large furnished room and private bathroom, some cooking facilities, available best part SW1. Box 4420.

GOLDERS Grn. 2 sgle rms, cen. htg, h. & c. in priv. bthrm for 2. Ckg facs. Cleang once weekly. 3½ & 3 gns. SPE. 3328.

LARGE basement bed-sit. in pleasant Chelsea Square, vacant several months. Use k. & b. £3 incl. light/heat. No cat-haters. Box 4677

MAN c.25 wanted to share flat in N8 with one other, £12 p.m. Box 4679.

SMALL bed-sitting-room with breakfast £3 10s. Professional family, N. London. Other meals if required. Box 4652.

FURN. flat, unique position overlkg Barnes Common; two large rooms, kit./dining, bathrm. 7 gns. p.w. PRO. 1772.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

HAMPSTEAD. 3 mins Belsize Park Stn. S/c. fully furn. flat, double bedroom, large lounge, k. & b., phone, frig., radio. 1-yr from 1 Aug. £5 10s. Box 4756.

N10. Three room furn. top flat, frig., h. & c., share bath. 4 gns. TUD. 7528.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s full board 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO 2634

DOUBLE b/s., use study (TV), etc., Southfields. Quiet private residence, beautiful surroundings. 2 quiet business/prof. people. 63s. each. Refs. PUT. 5002.

SWANAGE cottage to let. All cons. June 6 gns, July 7 gns. WAN. 3837.

FURNISHED 3-bedroom house, accommodates 5/6, close beach, available June, July. Suitable pre-school children. Why not avoid August crowd? Apply Bliss, Hudson's Bay, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

ACHILL Island. Three-roomed bungalow to let for June, July; elec. light, running water, Calor gas stove, turf fire, Elsan. Rent June £20, July £30. Apply Thea Boyd, Keel, Achill. Tel. Keel 4.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

NZ. Professor & wife req. small furn. flat, central, June-Aug./part. Box 4663

FEMALE, 24. Do you want one other in your fairly central London flat? Box 4696.

UNIV. lecturer driven from comfortable rms by traffic noise sks quiet furn. flatlet/bed.-sit. WC1 or W2. Box 4725.

INDIAN Doctor, wife and child require s/c. furnished flat mid-June within 20-mile radius Central London. Box 4573

TWO girls seek flat, or preferably studio. Finchley Road/Kensington, etc. Must be cheap. Box 4716.

HARLEY Street specialist (amateur artist) requires empty room for painting. Rent strictly moderate. Box 4621.

PROFESSIONAL lady (coloured) requires flatlet. Reasonable rent. Would help in house. Easy reach Victoria. PRI. 8387.

WANTED: Furnished flat or house, London, 21 June-16 July. Box 4624.

COTTAGE or s/c. accommodation, seaside or country, wanted by retired couple. Reasonable rent; willing to undertake decorations. Box 4720.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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1. We have organised special coaches to take campers to the Soviet Union camping sites at MINSK, SMOLENSK, MOSCOW. 15 days London-Moscow-London. Hotels overnight en-route. Six days in Moscow. £38 10s. Some places still left on 13 August Coach.

2. A Concession Price Coach Tour to the Soviet Union. 15 days tour from London to Moscow and back. All inclusive except for 4 midday meals en-route. Overnight stops Hanover, Warsaw, Minsk, Smolensk. Six days in Moscow. Depart London 20 August. £56 10s.

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ATTRACTIVE Tour – Prague, Brno, Bratislava and Karlovy Vary (16-30 July) £33. A few places left Moscow/Leningrad Tour £55. Apply for details of these and other tours with s.a.e. to BYFC Tours, 351 Goswell Rd, London, EC1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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Enjoy Sunshine and Spring Flowers with a party of professional people in search of a cheerful Whitsun or Spring holiday. Our Whitsun parties are held in Kent, Berkshire, Sussex, Channel Islands, sailing on the Broads; in Italy, Brittany, the South of France, the Italian Riviera or in Switzerland where the Alpine flora will be in bloom.
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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

USSR private Youth Tour 35 gns. Few seats vacant 1-15 August. Mixed group. Send s.a.e. CIF, 10 Westgate Terr., SW10.

INEXP. hols: Olympics 24 gns, Moscow 39 gns, Tour of Italy 35 gns. Box 4221.

P.S. Harold Ingham has been taking stock and he finds that he has still a very few places available in three parties to travel to Athens in July-August-September. One-way rail and sea combined with one-way air, 49 guineas and 59 guineas; both ways by air with two weeks in Athens, 69 guineas. Excursions arranged to Crete and Delphi as moderate 'extras'. All parties will be conducted by Professor Tierney of the Department of Greek, Dublin University. For particulars of these and other parties apply to Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. 'Phone HARrow 1040 & 1087.

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WONDERING where to go? Try an evening or a fortnight at 'Sinah Warren' where woodlands meet the sea. Luxury chalets with own private bath etc. Superb cuisine, dinner dances, cabarets. Many other sports available. Only 2½ gns daily. Colour brochure from Dept NS, Sinah Warren Chalet Hotel, Hayling Island, Hants

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KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel 508.

SUMMER Holidays. Now open: Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, Devon, adjoining famous Barricane Beach, and three miles golden sands. Ideal for family holidays. Prop.: Mr & Mrs A. W. Garness. Phone Woolacombe 44

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors & others welc. 18th-cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, bkfst. Tel. 1773.

BLACK Mountns. Tudor farmhse, peaceful hol., glorious Border cntry. Box 4459.

CHAGFORD. The centre for Devon in the centre of Devon. Illus. Guide 1s. from Dept 'E', Hotels Assn, Chagford

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel.: Rye 2207.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d., post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

SMALL friendly hotel, simple unspoiled village Italian Adriatic, superb situation, terms most reasonable. Pensione Amedeo, Sirolo, Ancona, Italy.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Kerryvonne Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.). Mod comf. Seaviews. Sands. Illus. leaflet.

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50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
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28 May at 7.30	Scènes de Ballet Giselle

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Th. & Sat. 5 & 8. The Caretaker by Harold Pinter. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sun. 4. 5th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5. 8.15. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros'. Produced by Orson Welles.

TH. Royal. MAR. 5973. 23 May, 7.30. 'Ned Kelly', dir. by Joan Littlewood.

TOWER. 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 28 May, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'Hot Summer Night' by Ted Willis. Directed by Margery Withers. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Marghanita Laski's 'The Off-Shore Island' – 10 Nuclear years hence? Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

TUESDAY, 24 May, 7.30 p.m., at Morley College: Cherubini Mass No. 2 in D minor, Mahler Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen, Holst Movements from The Planets. Ilse Wolf, Janet Baker, Gerald English, John Shirley Quirk, Morley College Choir and Orchestra: cond. P. R. Fricker, George Weldon. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s. (reserved), and 3s. 6d. (unreserved) from Morley College Concerts Society, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Piano recital by Alicia de Larrocha on 26 May at 6 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morn. shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns. & 25 May). The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 29 May: Eisenstein's 'Ivan the Terrible' Part 2 – 'The Boyars' Plot' (U). 'The Vision of William Blake' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 21 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DANCE International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Sat. 21 May, 7.30-11. Tkts 4s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S Facsimiles and Reproductions may always be seen at their Gallery, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. Illus. Cat. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Morris Louis Paintings Until 4 June. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

'PAPER-Backs Across Frontiers' An international exhibition of paper-back books, at Bowater House, Knightsbridge, SW1. Daily 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (not Saturdays or Sundays), 20 May-3 June.

SPRING Exhibition, and Heraldry in the Crafts, at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, W1, until 11 June. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30. Adm. free.

AUSTRIAN Paintg & Sculpture 1900-1960. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 4 June Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn 1s. 6d.

STONEWARE by Ruth Duckworth. Exhibition open from 24 May to 4 June. Private View 23 May, 6.0-9.0 p.m. Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Bernard Dufour – First Exhibition of Paintings in England. Henry Inlander – Gouaches & Drawings. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 28 May.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Roy de Maistre: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1917-60. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings and Drawings from Christ Church, Oxford, an Exhibition in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Admission: 2s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1. Until 11 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Ninth Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture by Kensington Artists. 12 May to 4 June 1960. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Saturdays, 5 p.m.). Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2 Kosice, constructions and hydraulic sculpture. Till 30 May, 10-6.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings Roger Hilton. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. James Ensor (1860-1949) Retrospective Centenary Exhibition – 28 April-28 May. Adm. 2s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid World Refugee Year. Dly 10-5. Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet – Ptngs, Gouaches, Lithographs. Until . June. Dly 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery – Henri Nouveau – Paintings. Until 3 June. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings John Bratby. Till 4 June.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Francis Kelly: Aquatints of Portugal. 3-21 May. 7 Cork St, W1. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. REG. 3660.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6 MOU 4917. Borchard, Brodzky, Clare, Feigl, Harris, Josephs, Kahn, Pereira, Sanders. Until 25 May. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Paintings & Gouaches. Colin Garland. 26 May-18 June.

MOLTON Gallery. 'Emilio Pettoruti'. Till 21 May. E. R. Nele: Sculpture. 26 May-18 June. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1.

KENSINGTON Gallery. Paintings by Tony Klitz. The London Scene. From 23 May to 4 June. Open 10-6. At 130 Kensington High St, W8.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Chabrillan. Paintings. Paysages Imaginaires Chenard. Recent Gouaches. 23 May-11 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PAINTINGS by Frost, Gowing, Lanyon, Sutton, are exhibited at Spode House, nr Rugeley, Staffs, from 29 May to 12 June. For further details write to the Warden.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5 Free

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FAILURE AT THE SUMMIT

West End March Embassy to Embassy Sun. 22 May 1960. Meet Albert Memorial 3 p.m.

Further information from London Regional Council CND, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1. TER. 0284 & 0415 all day Sat. & Sun.

LONDON NLR CLUB

Monday 23 May, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq.
(Warren St Station)

RONALD SEGAL: 'What after Sharpeville?'

Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

HARLOW
A BRAINS TRUST
Friday 27 May 1960 at 7.30 p.m.
at the Stone Cross Hall, Harlow

'DO YOU GUESS OR KNOW WHICH?'

In the Chair: Miss Barbara Kelly
On the Panel: Miss Eirlys Roberts
(Editor of "Which?")
Mr George L. Easteal
A Harlow housewife
A Harlow industrialist

Questions on consumer problems invited from the floor of the Hall, or in writing to the Consumers' Association, Room 35, 333 High Holborn, London WC1.

NEW JEWISH SOCIETY
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wed. 25 May at 8 p.m. in
'THE STUDIO', YWCA,

108 Baker St, W1.
MEMBERS ONLY

THE SECOND
JONATHAN DAVIS
MEMORIAL LECTURE
King Alfred School, North End Rd, NW11 on 31 May 1960 at 8 p.m.
JAMES BLADES:
'THE HISTORY, DEVELOPMENT AND PRESENT-DAY USE OF ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS OF PERCUSSION'
Admission free

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Van Gogh's Paintings after other Artists' will be delivered by Dr F. Novotny (Osterreichische Galerie, Vienna) at 5.30 p.m. on 25 May at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Theatre. 'Round The Bend' by Charles Marowitz. A Script-in-Hand Revue by the In-Stage Group. Sunday 22 May, 7.30 p.m. Admission 5s. Members 3s. Jazz. Pat Hawes and Bill Colyer present 'Harlem Jazz'. Wednesday 25 May, 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

DAVID William, actor & producer, talks on The Drama of 'The Finsbury Story', a pageant play now in production. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, (nr Sadler's Wells) EC1. Tues. 24 May, 7.30. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures: 'Why Apartheid?', 1 p.m., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 24, 25, 26 May. Lecturers: The Bishop of Johannesburg and John Hatch. At Chancellor's Hall, Senate House, WC1. Adm. 1s. per lecture, at door.

NLR Club, Members' Meeting. Wednesday 25 May, 8 p.m., Partisan Basement: 'The Future of CND'

SHAW Society. Derek G. Hyde on 'Gilbert and S.' at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 27 May, 7 p.m.; non-members 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Artists 1900-1960. Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture: Spencer, Sickert, Nash, Moore etc Hampstead Town Hall. 20 May to 4 June. Weekdays 11-9. Sats. 11-6. Discussion: 'The Artists Speak'. Bury, Carline, Kestelman, Bowen. Chairman: Bernard Gay. Hampstead Town Hall. Wed. 25 May, 8.30.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 20 May, 8 p.m. Prof E. Hill: 'Tchaikovsky' (play read by author). Fri. 27 May, 8 p.m. Nathalie Vetchor: Recital Russian Classical Songs Prog in adv. Sun. 22 May, 4 p.m. at French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7, Soviet Film: 'Virgin Soil Upturned'.

'MEDICAL Science and War Prevention', Dr Alice Stewart, Dr Anthony Storr, Dr Jeffrey Boss, Chair Dr Barnett Stross MP. Sat. 28 May, 2.30 p.m., 45 Russell Square, WC1. Medical Association for Prevention of War.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. H. J. Blackham and J. B. Coates on 'A World Political Philosophy for our time', Fri. 27 May, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public lecture Wed. 25 May, 6.30: 'Postscript to Buddhism', Mr Phiroz Mehta. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'

PACIFIST Universalist Service. Sun. 22 May, 3.30. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Sufi Aziz Balouch: 'Sufi Philosophy'.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, 26 May, Swami Mukhyananda: 'Hinduism & Universal Acceptance'. 2 June, Swami Ghanananda: 'Appeal of Vedanta for Modern Man'

IIWC. Public Lecture. Free. Dr A. Blake, 'Folk Dances of India' 8.30 p.m. Fri., 27 May. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 22 May, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Freud: Some Reassessments'; J. B. Coates.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 22 May. Professor T. H. Pear, MA, 'Status and Class in England Today' Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

'RELIGION and Religions'. Public lecture, 22 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MOOR Park College. 3-6 June: Introduction to Archaeology in Britain. 5-7 July: Living in Retirement. 22-24 July: Russian Music of the 19th and 20th Centuries (Bernard Stevens). Programmes from the Warden, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey. (Tel. 6401).

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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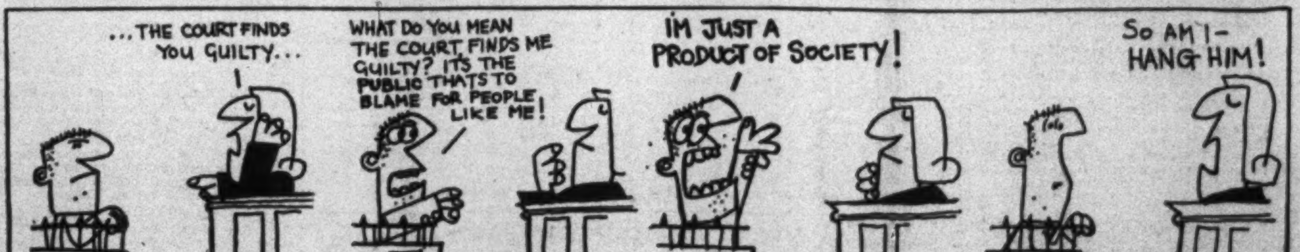
LECTURE CRSES ETC.—contd on p.771


...THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE COURT FINDS ME GUILTY? ITS THE PUBLIC THATS TO BLAME FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME!
IM JUST A PRODUCT OF SOCIETY!
So AM I - HANG HIM!
GASK

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